The Outlook

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CONTENTS

In Defense of the Constitution 139
The Navy and the Pacific Coast 139
A New Elastic Currency Plan 141
Postal Improvements 142
The Federal Administration and City Elections 142
A New New Jersey 143
Andrew Carnegie on New York City 145
The Pennsylvania Frauds 146
The Guillotine in France 147
A New Phase of the Congo Question ... 147
The Papal Opposition to Modern Progress 148
History and the Episcopal Convention .. 149
The Standard Oil Company 150
The Safety of Travelers 151
Authority in Religion 153
The Spectator 155
Standard Oil 157
By Harold J. Howland
The Children's Library and the Home 177
By Montrose J. Moses
Picturesque Aspects of the Jamestown Exposition 187
By Henry Hoyt Moore
Pastor Wagner in Paris 198
By Grace King
The Pedlar's Window 203
By Jeannette Marks
The Mistress of the Cook Shack 209
By C. M. Harger
The Commissioner of Corporations 215
"Posson Jone'" 217
By George W. Cable
The Birthright (Poem) 228
By Priscilla Leonard

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Letters from a Workingman

By AN AMERICAN MECHANIC

What does the workingman, when he is with his fellows, think and say about his employers, about the trades unions, about trade schools, about shop conditions, about tenement life, about philanthropy and slumming, about the saloon and the church? What does he like and what does he hate? Why is class spirit found as between workingmen? How does the workingman really feel about the walking delegate and the "scab" and the shop spy? The Outlook will print a series of letters on such subjects, written by a man who has worked at the mechanic's bench and who knows the workingman because he has been one. These letters to a workingman from a workingman have pith and point.

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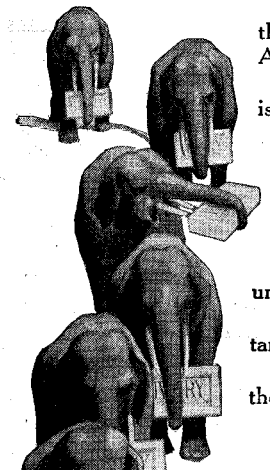

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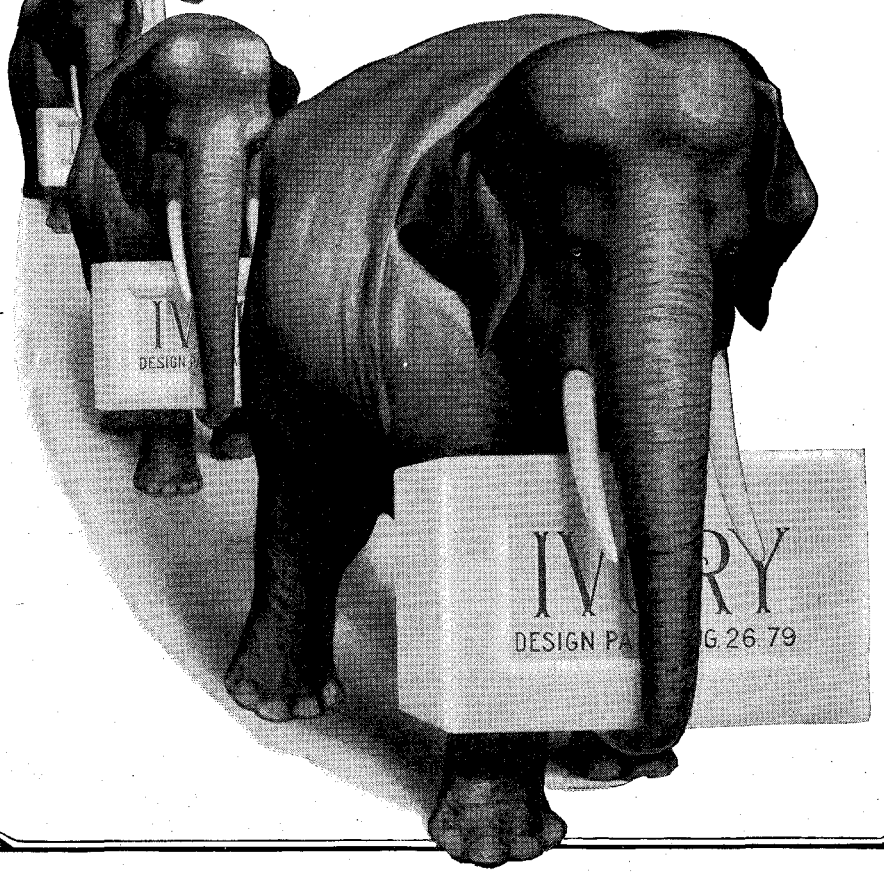

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The Outlook

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 28, 1907

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In Defense of the Constitution

"Constitution Day," so called, at the Jamestown Exposition last week, was devoted, not to the Constitution, but to one particular interpretation of it. Mr. Alton B. Parker, the last Democratic nominee for the Presidency, and Mr. Samuel W. McCall, a Republican Representative from Massachusetts, defended the Constitution by insisting that unless it was regarded as a rigid document incapable of gradual adaptation to changing conditions it would be destroyed. For example, Mr. McCall said, "But it is proposed to expand the Constitution by 'construction.'" Though acknowledging that the rules of interpretation should not be applied to a Constitution "with the technical narrowness employed in construing penal statutes," he did not hesitate to call constructions of the Constitution with which he did not agree "culpable." Even more extraordinary was a statement made by Mr. Parker. This was made in comment on a passage from a speech of the President. The passage is this:

> We need, through executive action, through legislative and through judicial interpretation and construction of law, to increase the power of the Federal Government. If we fail thus to increase it, we show our impotence.

Mr. Parker then proceeded to say that here was "an admission that the Constitution does not confer the powers which the Executive desires to have exercised," and an assertion that nevertheless the Government should employ such powers by "usurping" them. In brief, neither Mr. McCall nor Mr. Parker appeared to be able to state opinions on the Constitution which radically differ from their own without attributing to the holders of those opinions the culpable desire to disregard and thus destroy Constitutional government. By the very terms of the Constitution, it is the Supreme Court of the United States which interprets the Constitution and declares what the Constitution is; and we still have the Supreme Court with us. What troubles these defenders of the Constitution most is, apparently, the present tendency of the Federal Government to assert and enforce its authority over inter-State commerce. Before Mr. McCall and Mr. Parker uttered their warnings of impending disaster, Mr. Martin Knapp, Chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, spoke in Chicago of the conditions which have called for increased Federal control and which will continue to invoke it. He pointed out that not long ago transportation was carried on by a large number of concerns, whereas now it is conducted by a few great corporations. The very legislation which has been directed against agreements and pooling has fostered combination. It is clear that with the management of the transportation business thus concentrated, the governmental control of such business needs more than ever before to be likewise concentrated. Otherwise we shall have servants greater than their master, subjects mightier than their sovereign. As Judge Amidon has made clear in a recent article in The Outlook, the Constitution owes its vitality to its adaptability to a developing social order. Those who would persuade Americans that their Constitution is rigid would, if they should succeed, persuade them that it is dead. Of defense on that ground the Constitution stands in no need.

The Navy and the Pacific Coast

Early in December next a fleet of ships, practically comprising the entire strength of the United States navy, will sail from the Atlantic seaboard for a long voyage around Cape

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Horn to San Francisco. All the necessary plans and provisions for the enterprise have been made, and no further Congressional discussion or action is likely to modify it, notwithstanding the fact that some of the daily newspapers, in apparent ignorance of the prerogatives of the President and the Navy Department, have assumed that the consent of Congress must be obtained before the voyage is undertaken. The fleet will be composed of sixteen battle-ships, which will be joined by two others now on the Pacific coast. It will be met at San Francisco by eight armored cruisers which are now on their way to Pacific waters. Six torpedo-boat destroyers will also form a part of the fleet, although they will make the voyage from the Atlantic to the Pacific by a slightly different route and at a slightly different time from the battle-ships. The battle-ships will stop to coal at three or four places in South America, and at some point during the voyage for a month of target practice. As the voyage is simply a great naval maneuver, and as no specific occasion calls for the arrival of the ships at San Francisco at a fixed date, the voyage round the Horn—that is, through the Straits of Magellan—will be made with all due care and in no special hurry. About eighteen thousand officers and men of the navy will participate in this cruise, as the regular complement of the battle-ships and cruisers engaged. A few cruisers, gunboats, auxiliaries, and similar vessels will be left in the Atlantic, but the only battle-ships remaining on the Atlantic seaboard will be four that are being repaired and cannot leave at this moment. If this enterprise is carried out, it will not only mean, as we have already said, the transference of practically the entire navy from the waters of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific, but it will represent a far longer, more difficult, and more significant cruise than has ever been made in modern times by a battle-ship fleet of even half the strength. This great maneuver ought to be followed with interest by the American people; it will be carefully studied as a striking object-lesson in naval procedure by all the naval powers of the world.

The Reasons for the Cruise

While there has been some severe criticism of this great naval undertaking, the preponderance of opinion, both among navy officers and sailors and among citizens who take any interest whatever in naval affairs, is favorable. The Outlook shares this favorable opinion. In this day of the world an efficient navy is essential for the safety and welfare of any maritime nation. Should the day ever come, as we hope it may, when an International Supreme Court at The Hague is firmly established, armies and navies will still be needed to carry out the decrees of that Court and to maintain international order, just as municipal police and United States marshals are needed to sustain the authority of our domestic courts. To maintain a high standard of naval efficiency ships must be kept at active and arduous practice in times of peace, and not merely displayed daily on dress parade; our officers and men must learn to handle themselves and their vessels in conditions of danger and hazard; they must not only study the theory of seamanship, but become expert naval seamen, and this expert knowledge cannot be fully obtained by voyages of single ships of a few days' duration from navy-yard to navy-yard or station to station. If it is objected that the navy has structural weaknesses or defects of equipment which make the passage around South America extra-hazardous, the sooner we find that out the better. It is probably true that our navy, fine as it is, needs many essential improvements. If this voyage calls public attention to this fact, so that the Congressional Committee on Naval Affairs can be persuaded to treat the navy on broader and more sympathetic lines, one valuable result will have been accomplished. The objection that it is not safe for the country to have its entire naval strength transferred at one time from one ocean to the other is not a sound one. The navy is National, and the Pacific coast has just as much share in it and just as much right to it as the Atlantic coast. It is no more reasonable to assume that the fleet may be needed for war purposes on the one coast than on the other. It is a cardinal point

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of the best naval tactics that the battleship fleet should always be kept as a unit, whether in Atlantic or Pacific waters—unless, of course, the country desires so great a navy as to be willing to maintain two such effective units, one in each ocean. Such a fleet would be used in neither ocean to protect shipping and coast cities, save by striking at the enemy's fleet. Seacoast ports must be protected by fortifications, mines, torpedoes, torpedo-boats, etc. The object of these defenses is to leave the fleet foot-loose to contend with the enemy's fleet. If the navy were divided up and used to protect a port here and a port there, it would be scattered piecemeal along the coast to be picked up in detail by any opponent of respectable size. The relations of the United States with foreign naval powers were never more peaceful than they are at this time. No better time could therefore be selected for a naval enterprise which is above everything else educational in its purpose and effect.

❀

A New Elastic Currency Plan

Americans use more money at some seasons of the year than at others. For instance, every autumn the moving of crops demands extra currency. There is, hence, a resultant stringency. If, however, there were enough permanent currency to meet the demands during crop-moving times, there would be a superabundance during the rest of the year. This superabundance would then be liable to be employed in speculation and reckless promotion, with a consequent unfortunate influence on our National credit capacity. What we need, therefore, is not a fixed amount of currency, but one that will expand and contract according to the activity of exchanges. We need expansion to prevent the annual disturbance to business during the crop-moving season; we need contraction in order to check the amount of currency when an excess would be illegitimately employed. To establish such an elastic currency various plans have been proposed for temporary issues of Government and National bank notes. Issues of the latter, however, have not appealed to the public at large unless such emergency currency were secured by United States bonds. The people have an apparently ineradicable instinct for a money so secured: the Government must stand behind the people's currency. Now, since the Secretary of the Treasury, at least by inference, may accept other than United States bonds as security for public deposits, Mr. Charles H. Treat, the Treasurer of the United States, has come forward with an excellent suggestion as to an amendment to our National Bank Act in the endeavor to establish an elastic currency. In a recent address before the Pennsylvania Bankers' Association, Mr. Treat suggested that any National bank having half or more of its capital invested in United States bonds should have the privilege of applying for an issue of the emergency currency to an extent not exceeding half the amount invested in United States bonds. These emergency notes would be similar in form and design to the present National bank notes. The phrase, "This note is secured by United States bonds deposited with the Treasurer of the United States," would be changed on the emergency note to "This note is secured by bonds and guaranteed by the United States." The security for these emergency issues would be, in Mr. Treat's plan, certain State or municipal bonds, to be specified by the Government, accepted at seventy per cent of their market value. This is about the percentage of credit given by Bank Clearing-House Associations. According to Mr. Treat's plan, the emergency issues would be made for five, six, or nine months, dating from August 1 or September 1, or any other date, according to the needs of the crop-moving period. Finally, the United States Government would guarantee at a charge of one per cent the payment and redemption of allotments so issued. This slight Federal tax would, of course, tend to check any superabundance of currency; when it could not be used to advantage, it would be withdrawn. In the administration of such a law, should Congress approve, the executive authority could be invested in the Secretary of the

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Treasury, the Treasurer of the United States, and the Comptroller of the Currency; or, if this involves the bestowal of too much power on these officials, the authority could be vested with another group. As Mr. Treat says, "Uncle Sam" is practically a banker, since the Government has a monopoly of the currency, and the bankers' facilities should be adequate to meet the conditions of trade. No plan yet proposed to enlarge those facilities seems to The Outlook more attractive than does Mr. Treat's. First, it is a natural evolution from our present system, and so does not confuse the public mind with the idea that there is to be some radical departure from traditions. Second, it is fair both to the Government and to the currency-user, for it commits the first to no hazardous scheme and the second to no usurious scheme. Third, with such an added dignity, State and municipal bonds should command a higher price at a lower rate of interest than at present, and this would redound to the benefit of the people in all States and municipalities. Lastly and chiefly, the plan would mark the recognition, as never before in our currency legislation, of the law of supply and demand.

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Postal Improvements

Two changes in the postal service, which will be of interest to all persons who engage in foreign correspondence, will take effect on October 1. The rate of postage on letters to foreign countries will be five cents for the first ounce, instead of a half-ounce, as is now the case, and three cents for each additional ounce or fraction of an ounce, instead of five cents for an additional half-ounce as at present. Thus, a letter weighing one ounce will cost five cents as against the present price of ten cents, and a letter of two ounces will cost eight cents as against the present price of twenty cents. The new rate, of course, will effect no saving on letters weighing half an ounce or less; but even in the case of this class of correspondence it will permit the use of heavier stationery in place of the flimsy and thoroughly unsatisfactory paper so much used now for letters to foreign countries. The new rate will be of special advantage in business correspondence, where letters are often of considerable length and are many times accompanied by other papers which increase the weight. The second innovation will be the issuance of a "response coupon," which will obviate the annoying difficulty so often experienced now of being unable to inclose postage for a reply in a foreign letter. The coupon will be sold in this country for six cents, and will be redeemable in other countries in stamps to the value of five cents, which is the universal rate of postage on letters sent to this country. In addition to its value as a means of sending return postage, the response coupon will probably have wide use in the transmission of small amounts of money from one country to another.

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The Federal Administration and City Elections

When Mr. Burton, the Republican nominee for the Mayoralty of Cleveland, Ohio, stated that he had consented to accept the nomination only after receiving the advice of President Roosevelt, Secretary Taft, and Secretary Garfield, The Outlook took occasion to point out the unwisdom of giving the impression that the Federal administration was to inject National party politics into a contest that is of purely municipal concern. Now Mr. Burton has made public the President's letter on the subject. In order that our readers may have the facts fully before them, we here reproduce that letter in full:

Oyster Bay, New York, August 30, 1907.

My dear Mr. Burton:

You put a hard question to me in your letter to Mr. Loeb. There are certain qualities of leadership you possess which could not be supplied by any one else in the House, and you have a mastery of certain subjects such as no other man in the House can hope to attain. For you to leave the House, therefore, would mean that in certain lines of leadership there would be a loss that cannot be made up.

I would therefore be tempted to protest against your leaving, if it were not for my profound conviction that it is exceedingly desirable that you should win out as Mayor of Cleveland. In view of the fact that our democratic system undergoes its most severe strain in the government of our cities, I feel

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that it is of the utmost importance to have a man of your experience, power, and character, of your long training, theoretical and practical, in public life, take such a position as that of the Mayoralty of Cleveland. Accordingly, if you ask my advice, I should say, make the fight. With all good wishes, believe me faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

From this letter it is clear that the fear of Federal interference in this municipal election has no basis. It was entirely legitimate for Mr. Burton, as an earnest supporter of Administration policies in the House of Representatives, to seek from the President assurance that his departure from Congress would not seem to the President like shirking a public duty and would not be too great an injury to the public service which the President is attempting to perform. On the other hand, it was no more interference in municipal affairs for the President to wish Mr. Burton well in his new undertaking than it was interfering in the affairs of the Interborough-Metropolitan Company for the President to wish Mr. Shonts well in undertaking the duties of the presidency of that corporation. Indeed, it seems to us that in his letter the President, so far from confusing the issues, has simplified them by his reference to the importance of municipal government. If the Republican politicians of Ohio and of Cleveland attempt to make capital for the National party out of this local contest, they will do so in the face of the express statements of the head of the Federal administration. We believe that Mr. Burton would strengthen his own candidacy by emphasizing this fact during the campaign.

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A New New Jersey

Few State conventions have marked so great a change in public life as those of both the Republican and Democratic parties in New Jersey last week. They make evident the fact that New Jersey, which not long ago moved in the rear of the procession, has suddenly advanced to a position in the vanguard. The men nominated for the Governorship are both men of character, ability, experience, and especially of courage. Mr. John Franklin Fort, the Republican nominee, displayed his qualities as a Justice of the State Supreme Court by driving the gamblers out of Long Branch and elsewhere; Mr. Frank S. Katzenbach, Jr., the Democratic nominee, displayed his qualities as Mayor of Trenton for two terms by purging the city of much of its disorderly element. It is not, however, in the candidates nominated so much as in the attitude of the political leaders and in the party declarations that the revolution in New Jersey is most clearly evinced. More than to any other single influence, the change is due to that of one man, and he a very young man, Everett Colby. In but two years he and his allies have accomplished the State's political regeneration. When he began his work of educating public opinion, the New Jersey Legislature was the football of the railways, of monopolistic corporations and special interests operating through the "boss" system in the attainment of desirable legislation or in the suppression of legislation undesirable for their continued tyranny. The "bosses," or party machine leaders, practically named all legislators to be chosen, and the legal privileges decreed by these henchmen to the corporations made the campaign contributions of the latter a scandalously profitable investment. Mr. Colby launched an apparently new idea--namely, that of promoting public welfare by enacting just laws, instead of permitting corporate and political monopoly longer to defy popular will. Many voters sympathized with Mr. Colby. They thus became known as the New Idea party, just as if the idea *were* new! The irony of the phrase then was hardly apparent. It is to-day. For last week both the Republican and Democratic State Conventions did a great deal to repudiate corporate and boss control. It is easy to say that the New Idea men were defeated in the Republican Convention because they could not induce it to accept Sheriff Sommer as candidate for Governor. But this would be a misleading statement. They did what was far more important. They forced nearly all their platform on the "regulars," and compelled them to nominate a candidate acceptable to the New Idea men. They did more. They affected the Demo-

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cratic platform similarly. Both platforms thus declare for equal taxation, a public utilities commission, the selection of United States Senators by popular suffrage, the election of Assemblymen by districts, the separation of municipal from National and State elections, and Civil Service Reform. The old-time Jersey politician rubs his eyes with wonder. He could conceive that some misguided idealist might arise and have a small following. But that idealism in politics should affect the practical wire-pullers, not of one but of both parties, nurtured as they have been by decades of materialism and corruption—this is too much! Yet it is true. We welcome the new New Jersey.

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The New Idea and the Corporations

Of course such a result as that recorded in these two party conventions could not have been achieved merely by exhortation. It is the result of hard work in the Legislature and at the polls. During the past few years the questions chiefly affecting New Jersey politics have been those connected with corporations, elections, and the liquor traffic. On the subject of corporations there has been much searching of hearts, in particular concerning the quality of taxation and concerning greater popular control of corporation utilities through commissions. Two years ago the State Legislature refused even to consider the question of limited franchises for public utility corporations. The bill introduced by Assemblyman Everett Colby was done to death. But, undismayed, he added a plea for the taxation of franchise values and then sought support at the State primaries for the Republican nomination as candidate for the State Senatorship from his county. He was opposed by the party machine and by the wealth and power of the interested corporations. But he had the people with him and he "won out," we are glad to say, in a county comprising no less than a fifth of the State's population. The "regulars" were appalled. Nothing like the Colby success had ever been known. They were alarmed enough in the succeeding Legislature to pass a bill to limit public utility franchises to twenty years, modified later so as to extend the time to fifty years in rural communities. As a result of the Colby bill introduced in 1905, re-enforced by the Governor's message, the law on the taxation of railway property has greatly modified the injustice which has existed heretofore in the inequality of taxation rates. Moreover, the movement for direct control of public utilities, which not many months ago seemed to be almost hopeless, has made a great advance. Our readers are familiar with the measure which has been passed in New York State at the instance of Governor Hughes. What was practically the Hughes measure was introduced by Senator Colby, providing for a commission to have supervision as to uniformity and reasonableness of rates and adequacy of service over all gas, electric light, heat, power, water, sewer, telephone, telegraph, and street railway companies operating in the State, together with their plants and equipments. For other railways a separate commission has been provided. This bill was allowed to die by a Republican Senate and a Democratic House of Assembly, both party "rings" being still under potent corporate influence. Yet, last week, the framers of both platforms were compelled to declare for a Utilities Commission, though the plank in each platform unfortunately omitted the word "appointive" before "Commission." This might indicate a wish for an elective commission. Because it would open the door to corruption in the elections, and it would be almost impossible for the voters to choose experts as members, an elective commission, in our estimation, might be worse than none at all; but the bill just introduced in the Senate shows that the party in power there stands for a commission to be appointed by the Governor. A final corporate reform has been to amend the absurd license allowed in New Jersey to promoters guilty of fraud.

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Elections and the Liquor Law

In the readjustment of the political machinery the influence of the New Idea is also apparent. At its very birth it declared for the election of United States Senators by the people,

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who should indicate their choice upon their official ballots. Such a proposal came, of course, like a bomb into the machine camps. Yet, incredible as it may seem, only a year passed before both parties had decided on the reform. Bills were passed, therefore, by a Republican Senate and a Democratic House, but as yet the two have not reached an agreement on the particular method to be employed. Both parties recommend the reform in this year's platforms. As may well be imagined, the subject of direct primaries was also espoused by the New Idea men—the nomination of candidates for public office by the direct primary vote of the people, without the intervention of delegates or conventions. When Mr. Colby introduced the bill to permit voters to express their individual choice, it was voted down. But, like the Senatorial reform, so, in a year, this idea won its way among the Republicans, and they passed a half-way measure. They are now eager to improve it, especially to provide for a recount of primary ballots whenever desirable. We would add, as equally significant of the Colby movement, that the deeper interest taken by the voters in primary elections has resulted in an increase, in those counties where the New Idea movement has been at work, of a primary vote ranging from two to ten per cent formerly, to one now reaching as high as eighty per cent of the regular vote. As a no less needed reform in political machinery, Mr. Colby presented in two Legislatures a bill providing for a comprehensive reform of the civil service system, which was twice passed by the Republican Senate. Since both parties have declared for Civil Service Reform, this bill may become law. On the liquor issue the New Idea has been less influential. This is largely because this issue has divided the people of the State on very different lines from those which have been marked out by the corporation and election questions. The issue really lies between the enforcement of a State Sunday law and the adoption of the principle of local option. In favor of the State Sunday law can be counted most of the rural population; in favor of the principle of local option are to be counted the people of the cities, many of whom are Germans accustomed to their beer on Sundays as on any other days. While the Democratic platform is silent on the subject, the Republican platform upholds the Bishops' Bill of two years ago. It provides that saloon screens must come down on Sunday. In general, it pleases the rural counties, but is hated in the towns. Local option for the whole State is demanded, not only by the New Idea men, but by many of both parties. This would allow any municipality to vote for absolute prohibition or for open saloons during certain hours on Sundays. In their irresolution as to where most votes lay, the Democrats avoided defining the liquor issue, and, while the German name of their candidate for Governor may make friends for him among the large number of foreign-born voters in the northern part of the State, the personal position of the Republican candidate is apparently nearer theirs and that of the New Idea men than that of the Republican regulars, for he is a fervent home ruler, and declares that each municipality must control in the matter of its police regulations. In this particular the influence of the New Idea men will undoubtedly be cast for the principle of local option. And it will be cast for it, not as a matter of expediency, but as a matter of principle.

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Andrew Carnegie on New York City

In a speech delivered last week at the laying of the corner-stone of the Mitchell Library in Glasgow, Andrew Carnegie spoke in terms of high praise of New York City. He said: "New York is held up before the world by her own yellow press as sunk in iniquity, with nothing creditable whatever. To one who gets away from New York for half the year, and is able to look on her from a distance, there are three or four things that comfort him greatly. He compares New York with London, and finds that upon these matters New York is in advance." Mr. Carnegie contrasted New York's water supply, owned by the city and with an assured future of one hundred gallons per capita for a population of eight millions, with the meager supply of London, still in the hands of

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private companies. New York's supply has been obtained cheaply, by foresight in purchasing property when its market value was small, while London could obtain public ownership of its system only by purchase at enormous cost. Mr. Carnegie praised New York parks; spoke of the city's wisdom in purchasing seven thousand acres where there were many miles of drives through real woods; and contrasted the Thames Embankment with the Riverside Drive, greatly to the advantage of the latter. He described New York's wide avenues; the subways which would become the property of the city in fifty years without a cent of cost; the twenty-three miles of docks—where wooden piers were being replaced by granite—which are the property of the city and from which in the future an enormous revenue will be derived. He told of the central Public Library, erected at a cost of six and a quarter million dollars, with its hundred branches, seventy-eight of which the city nad accepted in one morning, "the largest wholesale operation," he said, "I ever had in this line." He described the commission which had been appointed to regulate the price of gas and electricity, and continued: "These are the important utilities of the city—water, gas, electricity, subways, and wharves, and, last but not least, the public libraries. I know of no city which rivals New York in all of these combined, although several may do so in respect to one or more. I venture to predict that forty-five years hence New York will be the richest city of the world in the ownership of revenue-producing properties, which will have cost her nothing. She has been wisely governed, always keeping her eye upon the future." In conclusion, Mr. Carnegie said: "There is much to regret and condemn in city government in America. Taken as a whole, we are far behind you." It is this aspect of American cities, and of New York in particular, which it has become almost an inveterate habit to emphasize. The custom of assuming that New York as a city possesses little that is interesting and perhaps even less that is admirable is widespread. It is well occasionally to be reminded that New Yorkers have much in their home city of which they need not be ashamed, and that Americans have a great deal to be proud of in their commercial metropolis.

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Arrests in Pennsylvania Capitol Fraud Cases

Warrants were issued last week for the arrest of fourteen persons in connection with the frauds charged to have been committed in the building of the new State Capitol. The persons for whom the warrants were issued are Joseph M. Huston, architect, and his active assistant, Stanford B. Lewis, both of Philadelphia; John H. Sanderson, of Philadelphia, chief contractor for furnishings; Congressman H. Burd Cassel, of Marietta, Pennsylvania, treasurer and executive officer of the Pennsylvania Construction Company, contractors for steel filing cases; James H. Shumaker, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, formerly Superintendent of Public Grounds and Buildings, who receipted for the furnishings; George F. Payne and his partner, Charles G. Wetter, of Philadelphia, builders of the Capitol and contractors for the $303,000 attic; William P. Snyder, of Spring City, Pennsylvania, formerly Auditor-General, who approved the warrants of the contractors; William L. Mathues, of Media, Pennsylvania, former State Treasurer, who paid the bills of the contractors; Charles F. Kinsman, Wallis Boileau, John G. Neiderer, and George K. Storm, of Philadelphia, stockholders in the Pennsylvania Bronze Company, organized by Sanderson for the manufacture of the $2,000,000 lighting fixtures; and Frank Irvine, auditor in the Auditor-General's office, who audited the accounts of the contractors. On being informed that warrants were to be issued against them, four of the most prominent of the accused men, Mr. Huston, Mr. Sanderson, Mr. Mathues, and Mr. Snyder, went to Harrisburg and furnished bail to the amount of $60,000 each. Bail in smaller amounts was also accepted from others of the fourteen. The specifications in the charges against the men are definite, and are divided into two groups. The charges in the first group are connected with the alleged conspiracy in the award-

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ing, fulfillment, and payment of the Sanderson contracts for furnishings and electric fixtures and the alleged fraud in the payments for the painting and decorating of the House and Senate chambers and the dome. A typical charge in this group alleges fraud in the sum of $2,150.98 for a chandelier in Room 445, the material of which is said to be not in accordance with the specification, and the interior of which is said to have been "loaded" to the extent of eighty-one pounds. In connection with the painting and decorating, it is charged that George F. Payne & Co. were paid twice for this work—once by the Capitol Building Commission and once by the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings. The second group of specifications is based upon the contracts for metallic furniture awarded to the Pennsylvania Construction Company, of which Congressman Cassel was treasurer. It is alleged that fraud was perpetrated in the use of the cubic foot system of measurement where the specifications required the square foot system. It is expected that the cases will be brought to trial in January, and that charges against other persons concerned with the construction of the Capitol will be presented to the Grand Jury before many weeks have passed.

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The Guillotine in France

It may be doubted whether the Paris newspapers are right in declaring that the commutation to life imprisonment of the death sentence of the wretch Soleillant means the abolition of capital punishment. Certainly no country like France should allow so grave a question to be decided except by the will of the people expressed in their parliament. President Fallières, in exercising his legal right to commute the sentence, took great pains, we are told, to make it known that he could not discover the faintest extenuating circumstance in this case, but acted out of fidelity to his conviction, held for the last thirty years, in regard to the ethics of the death penalty. But this does not in the least bind his successors to his view, nor does it commit the nation to the abolition of the death penalty, as the French press seems excitedly to assume. It might even be that the present agitation might have a contrary effect. It is alleged that Soleillant's crime—the murder of a little girl under the most atrocious circumstances imaginable—has been followed by no fewer than twenty-five similar assaults; that the publicity given to the details has incited in ill-balanced, diseased minds an insane passion for imitation. Like the alleged "crime wave" in New York last summer, exaggeration and excitement have followed and perhaps have increased the danger. Demonstrations have taken place in which thousands of persons have joined in processions, each led by a woman with a little girl on her shoulders, and cries for justice have been followed by cries of "Death to Soleillant!" and even "Down with Fallières!" On the other hand, the Socialist papers assert that the President's decision marks a glorious era for France. The incident may, and it is hoped will, lead to a careful and unexcited discussion of the best way to deal with crimes of violence, which, according to all accounts, are on the increase in Paris.

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A New Phase of the Congo Question

By turning over to a joint stock company that vast portion of the Congo which is known as the Domain of the Crown, Leopold II., King of the Belgians, has skillfully given a new aspect and added a new complication to the Congo question. This company seems to be practically himself incorporated. The territory thus transferred, ten times times larger than Belgium itself, includes the richest rubber forests in the Congo. With it goes the right to exceedingly valuable mining properties outside the territory. The administration of this region has been shrouded in mystery. Only the vaguest reports concerning cruelties practiced there have come to the ears of the civilized world; but if it is just to say that where authority is exercised without responsibility the gravest outrages are most likely to occur, then it is fair to presume that the abuses which have been officially reported by

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the King's own Commission as existing in other parts of the Congo have not at least been wanting there. The King's move seems at present to postpone indefinitely the possibility of Belgium's undertaking the control of the Congo Free State, and thus apparently blocks one road to reform. In the minds of many this was far from being the most desirable road. If the ease with which the King has shifted much of his responsibility to an impersonal corporation arouses anew the indignation of Europe, and particularly of England, it may actually help to bring about the international investigation of affairs in the Congo for which the best friends of the Congolese have been working, and from which alone they look for relief on behalf of a sorely oppressed people.

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The Papal Opposition to Modern Progress

Two recent utterances of Pope Pius X. express, more emphatically than any utterance heretofore, his religious and intellectual temper. About two months ago, upon the advice of the cardinals who constitute the Inquisitors General, he issued a Syllabus, or outline, of errors reproved and proscribed by the Roman Catholic Church. Now he has issued an Encyclical—a circular-letter to the bishops of the Church—in which he prescribes a course of action to be pursued in opposition to what he terms "modernism." By these two documents he places himself, and, so far as he can do so, places the Roman Catholic Church, in a position of hostility to the spirit of scientific research, and to the liberal movement within and without the Church. The Syllabus, of which the full text has now reached this country, assumes new importance as a preface to the larger document. It consists of a list of sixty-five "propositions" which it brands as "errors." In it it is declared "deplorable that even Catholic writers are found . . . who . . . devote themselves, on pretext of Higher Criticism and in the name of historical reason, to searching for a pretended progress of dogma, which in reality is nothing but its deformation." The propositions which are denounced may be put into four divisions: those impairing the final authority of the Church in science and criticism, especially in the study of the Bible; those in relation to inspiration, revelation, and the dogmas of the Church; those which explain on other than dogmatic grounds the nature of Christ; those which embody certain conclusions of critical students of the Bible and Church history. Thus, the Pope denounces as false the idea that the Church should not pass judgment on the natural sciences; he denounces as false the idea that divine inspiration does not guarantee "all and every part" of the Bible "from all error;" he denounces as false the idea that scientific research has the right to refute the "facts which the Church holds to be undoubted;" he denounces as false the idea that it is impossible to "reconcile the natural sense of the Gospel texts" with what Church theologians teach regarding "the infallible knowledge of Jesus Christ;" he denounces as false the idea that the Church and its dogmas are subject to evolution; he denounces as false the idea that "Christ did not teach a body of determined doctrine . . . but determined rather a religious movement . . .;" and, to cap all, he denounces as false the idea that the Church is an "enemy to the progress of the natural and theological sciences." Whether these propositions which he proscribes are false or are true, they are not merely matters of theory; they are largely matters of fact. No scientist can hereafter approach these subjects in a scientific spirit—that is, in the spirit of open-minded readiness to be governed by evidence—and remain a good Roman Catholic. At first sight this Syllabus seems to deal with matters solely ecclesiastical and theological; but, as a matter of fact, it shuts out Roman Catholic scholars from a whole field of study and offers in place of it a field of dogma. When the present Pope took his papal name, it was considered significant that he chose a name which was last borne by a reactionary. The Syllabus of Pius X. is not as inclusive as that of Pius IX., but it represents the same intellectual position. It represents more, however; it is the expression of a humble and devout man who is so sincere

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that he cannot compromise in any detail his religion, which is a religion of minute regulation. His knowledge of modern science is such as one might find in the kindly bishop of a simple and ignorant peasantry; his courage is such as one might find in a statesman who believes he is defending a historic organism. His faith is both naïve and intolerant. The very qualities which have caused him to alienate from the Church the people in France whom the Church needed the most, are apparently impelling him now to drive out from the Church those men who in a time of intellectual and religious unrest are best able to commend the Church to the skeptic and the inquirer. If telegraphic despatches are to be trusted, the Pope, in his Encyclical, has now undertaken to drive off those who have most deeply studied the movements for social amelioration. Concerning this Encyclical, however, The Outlook postpones comment until the full text is received, when, in consideration of the larger of the two documents, it will discuss the principles involved in both. In the meantime, on another page The Outlook considers a question as to the nature of religious authority which the Syllabus raises.

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History and the Episcopal Convention

When, on October 2, Dr. Winnington-Ingram, the Bishop of London, delivers in Richmond, Virginia, the sermon at the opening service of the forty-fourth General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, he will emphasize, as did the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1904, the close union between the Church of England and her American daughter of to-day, with her 100 bishops, 82 dioceses, 5,000 clergy, and 600,000 communicants. But his presence will do more. It will link, on this three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Protestant Christianity in America, the days of 1607 with those of 1907, the churches of Colonial England with those of the United States of America. Thirteen years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, with the first successful planting of the English flag, came Protestant Christianity to Virginia. It found its home in Jamestown, where, on the first Sunday of their arrival, the settlers met in their forest church and joined in the services conducted in the English form by the Rev. Robert Hunt. In the log church where Pocahontas was baptized in 1614 the holy sacraments were duly administered. The little forest church became the home of freemen, besides proving the mother of Protestant churches in the United States. The first legislative body in America, the House of Burgesses, met there in 1619, as this settlement remained for nearly a century the capital of Virginia. Jamestown, with its one English-speaking church in 1607, points onward to the United States of to-day, with its area of 4,000,000 square miles, its 87,000,000 people, its 151,000 Christian ministers, its 31,000,000 members of Christian churches, as well as backward to the Mother Church of England. In gratitude for the heroism of the early missionaries the Episcopal Church has gathered a special missionary thank-offering which will be presented at the coming Convention, so that the message of the Gospel, brought by the fathers to Virginia, may be speeded to the people of this and other lands. It is proposed to make this Convention distinctively a missionary one. Dr. Arthur Lloyd, Secretary of the Board of Missions, has recently made an extended tour in foreign missionary fields and will give added inspiration to its councils. Two great missionary mass-meetings will be held. Work in the land of the midnight sun, in China, Japan, and the Philippines, will be presented by Archdeacon Streck and Bishops Root, Partridge, and Brent, at the first; while the second will deal with mining camps, Mormon communities, South American Republics, and the meeting of "East and West at the cross-roads of the Pacific." The mission of Bishop Winnington-Ingram to Virginia will include a visit to old Bruton Church, where he will further link present with Colonial days by presenting a Bible sent by King Edward VII. in recognition of the connection, historic and vital, between the Church of England of to-day and the Old Virginia parishes.

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The Standard Oil Company

In a recent issue (that of September 7) The Outlook defined the three political policies which may be pursued with regard to the great industrial corporations—the policies of inaction, extirpation, and regulation. The extraordinary contest in which the Federal Government and the Standard Oil Company are at the present moment engaged affords a timely opportunity for a consideration of the effect of these three policies when applied in a specific and concrete case. To aid in such a consideration The Outlook presents to its readers elsewhere in this issue an account of the industrial side of the Standard Oil Company. The statements made in that account may be accepted, we believe, as accurate, impartial, and authentic. They describe a phase of this powerful corporation which the public ought to know about, and with which it has until now been not at all familiar.

Much has been said in the public prints about the malpractices and lawless deeds of the Standard Oil Company; little has been said of the comfort, convenience, safety, and welfare which it has contributed to the country and to the world. But the country cannot decide upon the just, wise, and right policy to be maintained with regard to such a corporation without recognizing and considering its virtues as well as its vices. The shortcomings of the Standard Oil Company are at the present time in no danger of being ignored by the people or by the authorities of the law; there is, however, considerable danger that its merits as a legitimate business enterprise may be overlooked or forgotten. We therefore commend Mr. Howland's article to the careful reading of those who are trying honestly to come to a decision as to the proper policy to be adopted by the Government in making laws to control the corporations. We shall endeavor here to point out what we believe to be the right policy, applying it to the specific and typical case of the Standard Oil Company.

The corporation is the best device that the law has invented for the production and distribution of wealth by industry and commerce. The trade or industry of the individual merchant or ship-owner or manufacturer generally dies with the death of its founder. The copartnership exists a little longer than the life of one individual, but that, too, is limited in its powers and duration. The corporation is an artificial personality created by law to survive changes of time and place. All of its original founders may pass out of existence and yet it may still exist, useful and efficient. It enables the man of small capital and limited experience and ability to become the partner of the great capitalist and industrial genius. It provides the only successful method of applying the principles of democracy to industry and commerce—that is to say, the production of the wealth of the people by the people for the people. Turn to the Standard Oil Company as an illustration.

Of all the private industrial corporations known in the entire history of commerce and labor, this is probably the greatest, certainly the most extensive in its operations. However immoral may have been its political practices, however illegal may have been its attempts to crush competitors or to avail itself of special and forbidden privileges—and it stands convicted in the courts to-day of such practices—it has, by scientific and highly commendable skill, given the entire civilized world a standard, readily obtained, and safe illuminant. It has found and developed ways of turning waste products of the earth into substances of great value to man. It has enabled an army of workmen to put their labor to profitable use which could never have been so profitable if expended in individual and uncoöperative effort. It has distributed the wealth which it has produced, if not justly, at least extensively, to thousands of stockholders and consumers—for the consumer whose lamps burn more clearly and more safely owing to its efforts is to that extent sharing in its wealth.

No thoughtful and intelligent and reasonable man can wish to see such an industry, affecting so intimately the life of the biggest city, the quietest village,

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the remotest farm, and the loneliest ship at sea, destroyed. No ranchman, sailor, farmer, or small householder can wish to go back to the days when it was as difficult to get a pure and safe brand of kerosene oil as it is to-day to get pure water in an alkali desert. Those who know anything at all about the oil industry will vigorously oppose the application of the policy of extirpation to the Standard Oil Company.

But the policy of inaction advocated by some who fear centralized powers of government—how has that worked? Content to use its admirable products and to share in the dividends on its stock, the public has until recently let the Standard Oil Company decide for itself what should be its relations to the public. This policy of inaction has led to rebates, corrupt control of railways, and other evasions and violations of the law which are now being brought to light in the courts. This policy of inaction has not only injured the consumer, corrupted legislatures, and enabled some of the stockholders to obtain what is generally believed to be an unjust share of the profits, but it has been a serious detriment to the corporation itself, which, like a spoiled child, gradually grew to believe that it had a perfect right to do things for which it was neither reproved nor punished, and now, finding itself brought up suddenly with a round turn, feels that it is not being fairly treated.

It follows logically that the policy of governmental regulation is the only one that can or will benefit both the public and the corporation; inaction, advocated on behalf of the corporation, injures both; extirpation, advocated on behalf of the public, injures both. The time is rapidly approaching, in our judgment, when the corporation managers as well as the people at large will recognize that the establishment of definite and effective regulation and supervision of inter-State corporations by the Federal Government is a great advance step, not only in democratic principles, but also in the commercial and industrial prosperity of the United States. We look forward to the day—and we should think its managers would welcome it—when the Standard Oil Company, unified, simplified, shorn of its mystery and secrecy, with regularly published reports made under Government supervision, and furnishing the Government with all necessary information about its corporate affairs without legal quibble or evasion, will be regarded, not with suspicion, distrust, and fear, but with confidence and admiration as one of the monuments to the commercial and manufacturing skill and energy of the American people.

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The Safety of Travelers

Twenty-five passengers were killed and about thirty injured in a wreck on the Boston and Maine Railroad on Sunday of last week. The accident consisted in a head-on collision between a freight train and a passenger train at West Canaan, sixty miles north of Concord, New Hampshire. At this point the Boston and Maine is a single-track road. The accident was caused, according to a statement issued by the railway company, by a misunderstanding between the night despatcher at Concord and the night operator at Canaan. The passenger train was Number 30, south-bound from Quebec, and it was followed, at an interval, according to the time-card, of thirty-five minutes, by another train, Number 34. At Canaan the conductor of the freight train was given an order saying that Number 30 was one hour and thirty minutes late. This would have given the freight ample time to reach the siding at West Canaan before Number 30 came along. The order should have read, however, that Number 34, the second passenger train, was one hour and ten minutes late. At some point in the transmission of the order from the despatcher's office at Concord through the hands of the operator at Canaan to the conductor on the freight train a four was changed to a cipher; and the freight proceeded in the belief that there was no possibility of meeting Number 30 before the siding at West Canaan was reached.

This accident is one of a class whose immediate cause is human fallibility. So long as railway employees are human,

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they will make mistakes. Often those mistakes will have serious, occasionally fatal, results. To the extent that dependence must be placed upon the human factor in the problem of railway operation, those results cannot be foreseen, and therefore cannot be guarded against, except by selecting the best possible men, and holding them to the most rigid responsibility. The fact that of the two men between whom, according to the company, the responsibility for this accident rested, one had been in the service seven, the other twenty-three years, well illustrates the difficulty of preventing mistakes even among good men. The lesson which this accident teaches is one which England long ago learned, and applied so successfully that in thirteen years the English railways had only six head-on collisions, and not a single one in the last two years on record—1904 and 1905; while in the United States in 1905 alone there were seven hundred and seventy-nine. The lesson is the elimination, to the greatest degree possible, of the human factor by the adoption of mechanical systems for governing the movement of trains. In conformity with an act of Parliament, practically every mile of double-track road in Great Britain is equipped with the block signal system; practically every mile of single-track road with the train-staff system, which provides essentially the same protection as the block system.

Let us suppose that the Boston and Maine Railroad had been in England; what would have happened? Arrived at Canaan, the engineer of the freight train, without even slackening speed, would have received from an electrically controlled box a short staff or rod, giving his train the sole right to occupy the section of the road between Canaan and West Canaan, and giving him absolute assurance that no other train was already upon that piece of track, or could enter upon it, without a deliberate violation of rules, until he had given up the staff at West Canaan. The engineer of Number 30, however, on arriving at West Canaan, would have been informed by the impossibility of withdrawing the staff from the box at that point that the freight train was already upon the road. He could not, therefore, proceed without deliberately and definitely accepting the certainty of a collision. The accident would not have occurred.

But let us suppose for a moment that it had occurred. Another interesting procedure would have followed. The railway company would have notified, under pain of a heavy penalty for failure to do so, the Railway Department of the National Board of Trade. Thereupon an inspecting officer, an officer of the Royal Engineers, would have proceeded to the scene of the accident. He would have made a thorough examination of the remains of the wreck; called before him to give evidence any persons—members of train-crews, signalmen, passengers, eye-witnesses, railway officials—who might be supposed to have information about the accident and its cause. Having gathered all the evidence possible, he would prepare a report to the Board of Trade, giving a history of the occurrence, his conclusions as to its cause, and any recommendations which he would make for the prevention of similar accidents in the future. His report would be printed and copies sent to the railway company, the press, and to any one else who might be interested. Subsequently, with other reports, it would be presented to Parliament in a "Blue Book." Neither the Board of Trade nor any other authority (except, of course, Parliament) has any power to compel the railway company to adopt the recommendations. But, as Colonel Yorke, the chief inspector, has said, "the moral effect of the publication of the report, with the criticisms of the company's methods, is great, and it seldom happens that a company refuses to adopt, or at least to test, the recommendations made by the officer who held the inquiry." As is here suggested, the value of such thorough investigation of an accident by an impartial expert, and the publication of its results, is in the basis which it affords for the intelligent formation and expression of public opinion.

In the United States (except in New York State under the new Public Service Commissions Law) the only investigations of a railway accident are those made by a possible coroner's jury, occa-

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sionally by State Railway Commissions, and by the railway company itself. The first is necessarily inexpert, and, in so far as its effect upon public opinion is concerned, generally futile; the second is too infrequent to have widespread results; the third is secret, and its results seldom reach the public. The American people may be as anxious as possible to compel the railways to adopt more safeguards for their passengers and employees, but they have not the knowledge to make their demands definite and specific. The English system provides this information from an expert, impartial source.

But the British Board of Trade has an even more important function in relation to the railways. No new line may be opened, and no alteration or addition, involving new construction, be made to an old line, without the inspection and approval of the representatives of the Board. The permanent way, bridges, viaducts, tunnels, stations, and other works are carefully examined, iron and steel girders are tested, and signaling and interlocking apparatus are thoroughly tried. If, in the opinion of the inspecting officer, "the opening of the line would be attended with danger to the public using the same, by reason of the incompleteness of the works or permanent way, or of the insufficiency of the establishment for working such railway," the Board may postpone the opening of the railway for one month, the process being repeated from month to month until the road is put in satisfactory condition. This procedure results in railways that are planned, constructed, and equipped in conformity with standards established by the representatives of the British people, who are the users of the roads. The investigation of accidents, moreover, gives assurance that no accident can happen without the public knowing just why it happened, and just what, in the opinion of experts, should be done to avoid similar disasters.

In this country a solution of the problem of safeguarding the traveling public has been attempted in New York State in the establishment of the Public Service Commissions. In some respects the powers of these commissions are even greater than those of the British Board of Trade. Not only are the commissions intrusted with the duty of investigating accidents on railways and rapid transit lines, but they are empowered to direct that repairs, improvements, or changes be made in "tracks, switches, terminals or terminal facilities, motive power, or any other property or device" used by any railway in connection with the transportation of passengers or freight whenever, in the judgment of the commissioners, such change is necessary to "promote the security or convenience of the public or employees, or in order to secure adequate service or facilities." The New York Commissions have been in existence only a short time; whether the powers intrusted to them will enable them to increase the safety of the traveling public in that State remains to be proved. The efficacy of the British system is already proved beyond the possibility of doubt.

The problem of the safety of travel is one which concerns the whole country. Just as Congress has acted on the question of railway rates for the whole country, so it should act to secure throughout the whole country uniform safeguards for the traveling public.

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Authority in Religion

The Pope's Syllabus, which we have reported and commented upon on another page, gives occasion for some reflections on the nature of religious authority and its relation to religious liberty. The two, properly interpreted, are not inconsistent. The Protestant position, in contrast with that of the Roman Catholic Church on the one hand and the Agnostic's position on the other, may be thus stated: We have the liberty alike to accept the conclusions of our fathers and base our conduct upon them, and to reinvestigate the subjects which they have investigated and reject their conclusions if loyalty to our reason and our conscience requires us so to do. Religious liberty is inconsistent with abject submission to authority, but not with dependence upon it.

If we were to turn the young men and women from sixteen to twenty-five years of age into an astronomical observatory, refuse them all knowledge of what pre-

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vious astronomers had discovered, or teach them to regard all such previously arrived at conclusions with contempt, and tell them to find out for themselves what are the relations of the heavenly bodies to one another and to this world, what would probably be the result of two or three years' original study, carried on, as most college studies are carried on, not too seriously, in connection with other studies, some desultory reading, a good deal of enthusiasm for athletics, and still more enthusiasm for various forms of social life? If such an experiment were possible, at the end of the period we should probably find in a class of a hundred young men and young women very nearly every diversity of astronomical opinion which has been entertained since the Persian Magi began their study of the celestial bodies. Those of untrained imagination and scant reasoning powers would perhaps conclude that the heavens were a weird living Being of vast proportions. More would assume that such an encircling universe must have some occult influence on human destiny, and, taking this for granted, would give themselves to a fruitless endeavor to ascertain what that influence is—in other words, they would become astrologers. Still others, accepting appearance for reality, would take for granted that the sun is revolving about the earth, and would scoff at the few original faddists who ventured to propound the theory that the earth is revolving around the sun. In short, the multiplicity of astronomical theories would be analogous to the multiplicity of philosophical theories which result from turning students of the same age and the same immaturity loose in the philosophical world to reach their own conclusions concerning the origin of the universe, the problem of evil, the nature of man, and life after death.

The discarding of authority is a bar to all progress, as the abject submission to authority is a bar to all progress. If the student assumes that nothing is to be believed that has not been discovered in the past, the end of all his study is to leave him where his fathers ended their intellectual journey. If, on the other hand, he assumes that nothing can be known by any individual which he has not personally investigated for himself, the limitations of his time and energy and the difficulty and complexity of knowledge are such that he can at best only retraverse the ground which his fathers traversed, and end practically where they ended. The utmost that he can hope for is to correct some of their errors, not to advance beyond the boundaries of their knowledge.

At least nine-tenths of our knowledge is based on authority. All our historical knowledge, most of our geographical knowledge, an overwhelming proportion of our scientific knowledge, is founded, not on personal research or personal experience and observation, but on the testimony of others as to what they have seen or experienced. We know that Julius Cæsar lived because others have investigated the Cæsarean tradition, and we accept their judgment as to its veracity. Most of us base our belief that Japan is an insular kingdom on the other side of the globe on the authority of travelers who have visited it. The simplest scientific premises are accepted by most of us for similar reasons. Let any reader of this paragraph stop at this moment, lay down the paper, and try to state clearly what are his reasons for believing that the earth revolves around the sun, not the sun around the earth, and he will probably find it difficult if not impossible to do so. The real reason for that belief is that we trust the astronomical experts who have made a study of the phenomena of the heavenly bodies, and we accept their conclusions because they are experts.

Religious liberty does not discard authority. It uses but refuses to be subject to authority. It avails itself freely of the conclusions of experts, but claims the right to re-examine these conclusions whenever it chooses to do so. If the astronomers should form a scientific organization, proclaim the Copernican theory of astronomy, and persecute by fire and sword or by the somewhat milder and less efficacious method of social ostracism and general contumely every one who doubted that theory, they would create the very skepticism against which they were warring. What the lovers of religious liberty object to is not that the

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Church bases its faith on the authority of experts; this is done by all intelligent men in all departments of knowledge. What is objected to is the refusal to allow the present generation to reinvestigate the subjects and retest the conclusions. Any physician has an acknowledged right to repeat for himself the experiments by which Dr. Reed demonstrated that yellow fever germs are carried by the mosquito from the sick to the well. But most physicians wisely assume this conclusion, incorporate it in the common stock of medical knowledge, and act upon it in their further study of the problem how to prevent the infection. Any layman, if he has the time and ability, has a right to make an original investigation into the origin and composition of the Four Gospels. But no layman is under any obligation so to do. He has a right to assume as his premise the conclusion which practically all expert students of the Four Gospels have reached—that they are trustworthy historical documents of the first century, or, at the very latest, of the first decade of the second century—and to base his studies of the life and teaching of Jesus on that assumption. So any man who thinks that he possesses the trained mind and encyclopædic knowledge necessary for an original inquiry into the origin of the universe has a right to make such an inquiry. But no one is under obligation so to do. We have a right—and for most of us it is expedient to exercise that right—to assume as a premise the conclusion reached by an overwhelming majority of all the experts who have made such an inquiry—that there is one intelligent and beneficent Creator and Ruler of the universe—and base our conduct of life upon that assumption. If one attempts to coerce us to accept without inquiry the conclusions of our fathers on either scientific or religious questions, we have a right to resent and resist the endeavor. But we have an equal right to resent and resist any one who denies to us the right to assume, alike in the scientific and the religious realm, the conclusions of our fathers, and to employ those conclusions in our further investigation of truth and in our practical conduct of life.

The Spectator

Life is full of a great variety of hopeful occupations, pointing to the enjoyment of future pleasures. There is the making of preserves, in which undertaking the Spectator's housekeeper has been at intervals engrossed all summer. Row upon row of glowing bits of succulent stained-glass window—the good woman constrains the Spectator, mere man that he is, to come and admire now and then, and together they ponder with satisfaction on the suppers yet to be. There will probably really then, after all, be another summer in the old house, with friends dropping in again to be fed and sunsets on the lawn. There is also of course, in the genial list, the study of language, the writing of letters requiring answers, the collecting of booksellers' catalogues. We all of us live so much in the future (which is in truth an unimpeachable abode, fit for our habitation) that the commonest acts of our daily lives are clothed with advancing splendor.

❀

But of all the pursuits which set up far claims, ignoring Time with its possible ruin, it seems to the Spectator that fall gardening stands first. The thing is so audacious on the face of it! Now, when the growth of the year is accomplished, when the work is finished and done with, when nothing remains but to fold the hands and go down the great ways of winter, now to rise up and say, "No!" and begin on the tasks of spring. It is only willful, imperious man who would think of such a proceeding. The docile birds are preparing for flight, the leaves are falling, the very hills seem sunk in repose, obeying the season's mandate. "No!" says the Spectator, and takes his trowel and spade.

❀

The grass is very wet with the dew which was frost a few hours ago, but the sun climbs rapidly and shines pleasantly warm on the back. The air is suffused with its sparkling presence, quick with the tingle of life. So blissful is the Spectator's well-being that he pauses in

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a dreamy inaction, a transient Nirvana experience, every now and then. About him the goldfinches twitter and fly in gathering restless flocks; beside him the chipmunk scampers, lining his winter home; through the haze of the orchard, warm and still, comes the sound of an apple falling. The Spectator has a symbolist friend who is forever inquiring into the feelings produced by this particular sound in nature. "Tell me how does it make you feel?" he insists, as they lie in the orchard together and the apples fall. The Spectator has not yet answered him, but the feelings are there.

❀

As for the garden, the stalks of the lilies have long ago been cut down; the poppies, striving to go to seed through all the summer, have at length been allowed to fulfill their mission; the phlox is faded and sad. But the asters flourish in all their beauty, the annual larkspur deepens the blue above it, the nasturtiums hold on their gay-hearted way, and the marigolds are abundant. Over the riot of growth and pause—soon to be nothing but pause—the Spectator hangs pondering. The dame's-rocket hid the Jacob's-ladder this year; that was a mistake. But who would have thought, in the nature of things, that Jacob's ladder could be surmounted? The narcissi were given a prominent place, which they filled bravely for a season, then died and left a void. The heartsease was overshadowed by the grove of calendulas. These errors must all be rectified in view of another season, so into the dark earth goes the trowel, and the transplanting begins.

❀

Gardening is absorbing work; it shuts out gradually, as it proceeds, all surroundings except those immediate ones of a few feet of earth. The Spectator ceases to notice the dropping of apples, the falling of leaves; the signs of the times have no import for him; spring is his only season. For spring he plants this flower here; for spring he thins the pinks; for spring he cuts the columbine down; for spring he gathers seeds. Beholding so plainly the new estate of his beloved garden, blossoming now at last in perfect harmony, as it always blossoms next spring, what wonder that he apprehends the season as even now at hand? Oblivious, shut in on himself by the demand of his labor, it is very springtime that he tastes on this autumn day. Springtime with an enlargement, too, of calmness and repose, a rarer season than April or May ever realizes to the earth. Real springtime offers us too much; that is its lavish purpose. It crowds us, floods us with delight, blinds our vision. The leaf-bud bursting on the tree and the flower-bud in the grass, the bird's throat bursting with its song—the heart of man attempts to fall in with these timely proceedings, and, failing—fortunately, on the whole!—hides itself bewildered. But a springtime realized in the fall, austerely confined to one flower garden, pruned and selected from at will, gives great satisfaction. Sweetly the Spectator feels the thrill of the new life mounting the stems of the plants, finely he tastes the intoxication of the blowing south, remaining unintoxicated himself, undazzled, unbewildered. One must hurry in the spring, and hurry troubles peace; but in the fall one takes his time.

❀

Of course, as a matter of fact, there is no one—Spectator, or garden, or world at large—who would really be glad of the coming to pass immediately of a vision of spring. The garden desires to go to sleep under its warm, pungent cover of leaves, the hills desire their mantle of snow, the Spectator desires the winter city, with its boon of people and action. Winter is an excellent season. The very valley has a great air of solemn expectancy about it, as the autumn days sweep over it with their splendor, and burn, and fade, and the end draws near; something wonderful is at hand. But beyond and beyond and ever beyond—so must the spirit of man go questing, lest peradventure it die a death for which nature makes no allowance. The Spectator knows he will like his winter a great deal better because of the hold he has laid on next spring in his flower garden.

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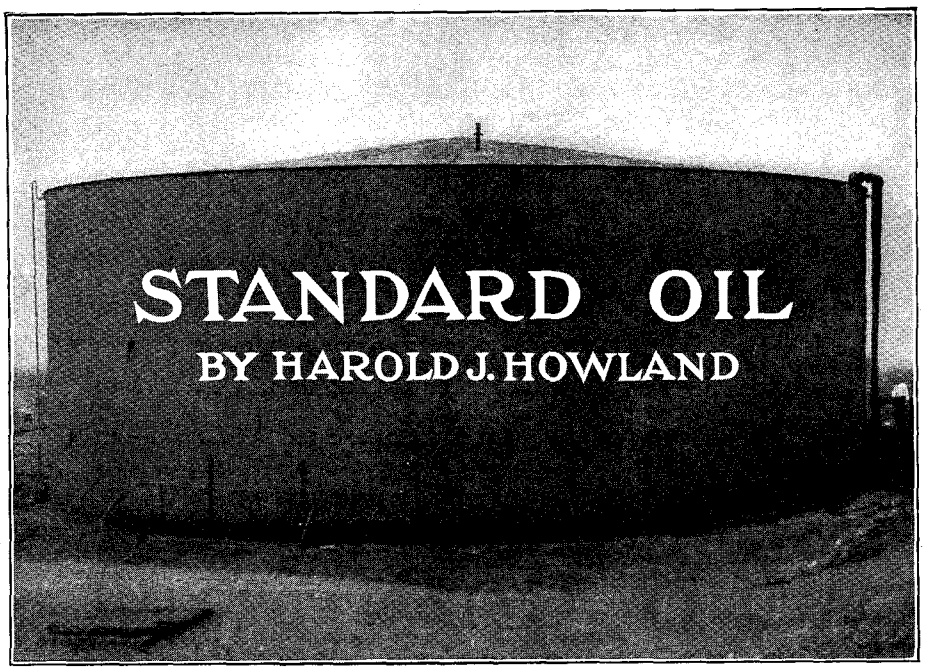

STANDARD OIL

BY HAROLD J. HOWLAND

A THIRTY-FIVE-THOUSAND-BARREL TANK

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY HOYT MOORE AND ARTHUR HEWITT

The author of this article is a member of the editorial staff of The Outlook. The Standard Oil Company cordially and frankly aided the author in his study of its commercial and industrial methods. The purpose of The Outlook in printing this article and its views concerning the relations of the Standard Oil Company to the law and the public are set forth on another page.—THE EDITORS.

IN the afternoon of a dull February day I stood with a companion in the center of a level space of farm land in southeastern Illinois. A heavy mist, hesitating on the border line between fog and rain, subdued the landscape to a gray monotone, its only bright spot the ruddy flare of a natural-gas flame in a distant farm-yard. From a shadowy group of low buildings across a field the measured beat of a giant heart punctuated the stillness, its sound reproduced in diminishing emphasis from points farther and farther away through the dusk. Here and there in the fields about this common center, some near, some distant half a mile or more, stood a company of strange beings, their curious outlines magnified into threatening mysteries by the fog. In syncopated rhythm with the great heart-beat, they executed slow movements like giant saw-horses gravely rising on their hind legs to solemn music. The Knight of La Mancha would have found as stirring provocation to righteous wrath in this band of balancing wooden-headed Centaurs as ever in his windmill giants. A hundred yards before us rose a tall mast, flanked by a small shanty, a wheeled boiler, and an engine with a simplified steamboat walking-beam. At the foot of the mast four men stood idly about watching another who seemed engaged in mysterious rites. The center of their interest and ours was a new oil well. The well had been sunk until the "pay sand" was reached, and the busy little man was completing his preparations to "shoot" it.

Oil occurs in the crevices of certain kinds of porous rock from three hundred to two thousand feet below the surface. An oil well is a hole in the ground, a

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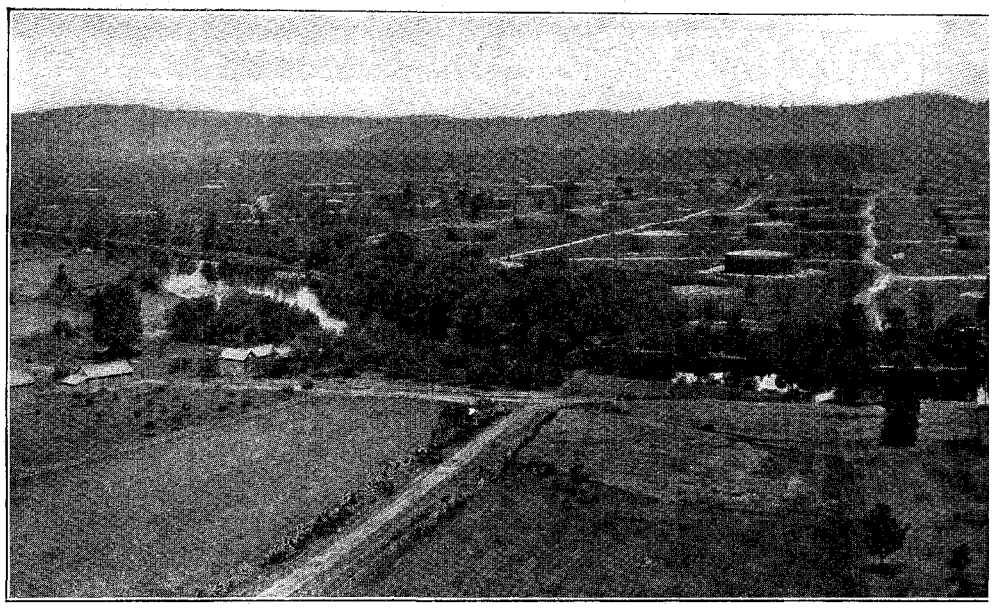

A TANK FARM, STORING OVER TW

foot in diameter at the top, six inches at the bottom, tapping the rock containing the oil and affording an outlet through which the oil may flow, or, more usually, be pumped, to the surface. The boring of the well is done by a steel drill, measuring with its fittings thirty feet in length, and weighing from half a ton to a ton and a half. This drill is continually lifted and dropped in the hole, the force of its impact pulverizing the rock into sand. At intervals the débris is removed by a sand-pump, which is not a pump at all, but a tube with a valve at the bottom, which is lowered into the hole and drawn out, bringing the sand with it. When the oil rock is reached, sometimes the pressure is sufficient to bring the oil to the surface with a rush, and to keep it flowing indefinitely. Generally, however, the oil either does not flow at all or flows only in small quantity. In either case the well is "shot." By exploding a charge of nitro-glycerine at the bottom of the hole the surrounding rock is broken up and the flow of the oil stimulated.

The busy little man was the "shooter," engaged in lowering into the well two hundred quarts of "glycerine," contained in ten cylindrical tin shells. The premature explosion of only a small fraction of the thick yellow fluid which he was pouring so calmly into the shells would have sufficed to eliminate not only him but most of the surrounding apparatus. By mutual consent, then, my companion and I viewed proceedings from our remote point of vantage. His experience of twenty years in the oil fields led me to accept without question his estimate of a satisfactory distance for observation.

After a couple of hours of steady work the ten shells were safely in position, and the well filled for a couple of hundred feet above them with water to "tamp" the charge. The shooter, ready with his "jack squib," a long slender shell filled with a small charge of "glycerine," a fulminating cap, and a slow-burning fuse, lighted the fuse and started the squib on its downward course to arouse the sleeping energies of those two hundred quarts of yellow earthquake essence. Then even the shooter forsook his nonchalant calm and joined us without delay in our retirement. In a moment a heavy shock stirred the earth beneath us, accompanied by a dull, muffled report. From the well a jet of muddy fluid leaped a hundred feet in the air, was swept away by the wind, and fell in a scattered shower, the sound of its fall accented by the thud of chunks of rock hurled out with a force that plunged them bodily into the earth.

Rapidly the jet died down; and the drillers went briskly to work to finish lining the well with iron piping, and to connect it up to a receiving tank. In a few hours, if it proved in any degree a flowing well, oil from it would be accu-

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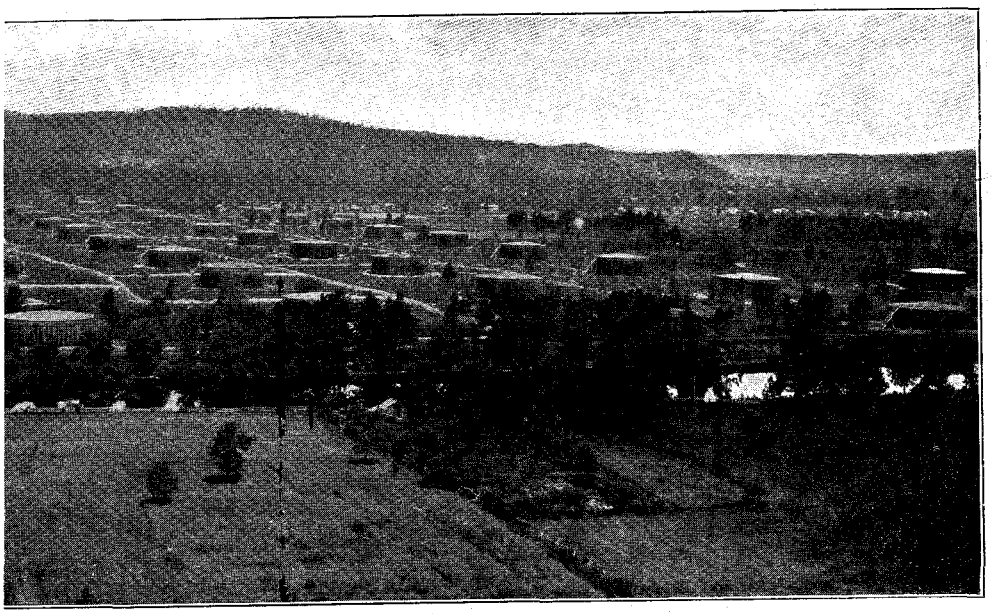

LION BARRELS OF CRUDE OIL

mulating and the well would have begun to pay for its drilling. In another day its pump would be installed, adding another to that scattered group of solemn Centaurs; an iron rod would lead three or four hundred yards to the low building across the field, connecting the "jack" of the pump with the gas engine there, the beat of whose stroke revealed the heart of the system of wells of which this was number twenty-one; if the well produced gas in addition to oil, it would be piped to the engine, and the well would do its own pumping.

By the improved methods in use in the newer oil fields a single engine serves to supply the power for the pumping of from a dozen to thirty wells scattered over a farm of perhaps a hundred or two hundred acres. The pump at the well is the extreme of simplicity: below ground a tube running nearly to the bottom of the well, with a valve at its lower end; within it a pump-rod working up and down; above ground a framework in which works the "jack," a combination of two levers joined together and serving to transform the horizontal pull of the rod coming from the engine into a vertical pull on the pump-rod. The wells are connected to the engine in pairs, so that the up-stroke in one coincides with the down stroke in another, affording another source of economy of power. The saving of the new method over the old is instantly apparent. The new has one engine, run by the gas from the wells themselves, while the old had a central boiler heated by coal, and a pumping engine at each well, to say nothing of the network of steam-pipes leading to the widely separated pumps.

This scene in the Illinois field shows the first point at which the Standard Oil Company comes in contact with the petroleum, and illustrates by contrast an interesting fact in connection with its operations. The farm on which the well described was located belonged to the Standard;[1] the wells on it were drilled and operated by the Standard; the oil would be drawn off into Standard pipe lines, refined in a Standard refinery, shipped in Standard steamers, cars, and wagons, and probably sold by Standard agents to the retail dealers. But it should be noted that the Standard is not primarily or even largely engaged in the production of petroleum. In 1905 it produced less than twelve per cent. of the crude oil in the United States.

The Standard Oil Company was at first engaged merely in the refining of

[1] It is actually the Ohio Oil Company, one of the subordinate companies that go to make up the Standard system. I shall not attempt in this article, however, to make any distinction between one company and another, or to explain the relation between the subordinate companies and the parent, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. One term, the Standard, will be used to describe them all; for all are in effect one, dominated by one purpose, one spirit, one idea.

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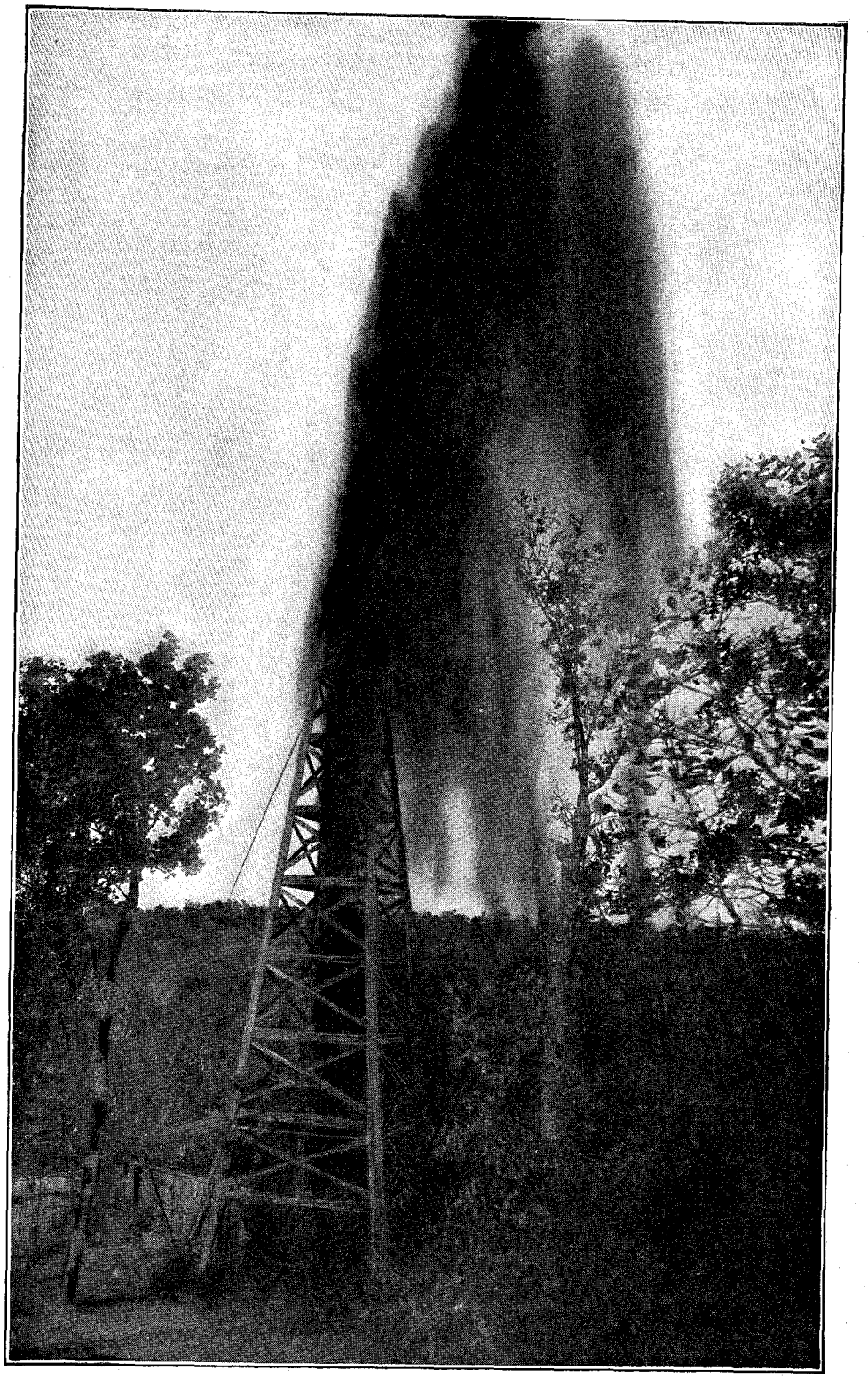

SHOOTING AN OIL WELL

This well is in one of the "deep-sand" regions where the greater depth of the oil-bearing strata requires more elaborate apparatus for drilling than that described in the text

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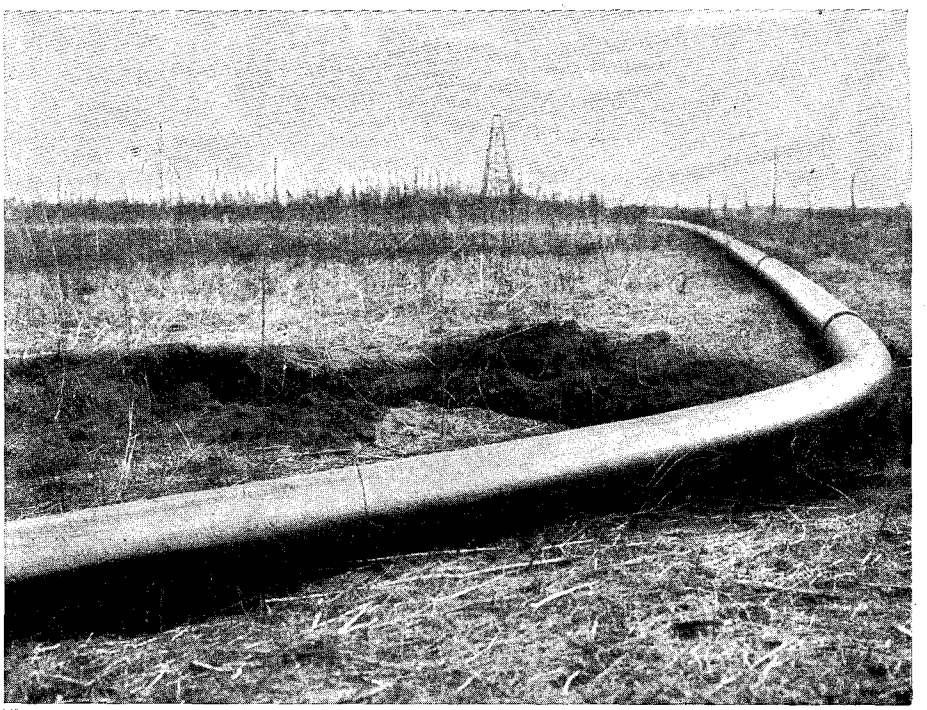
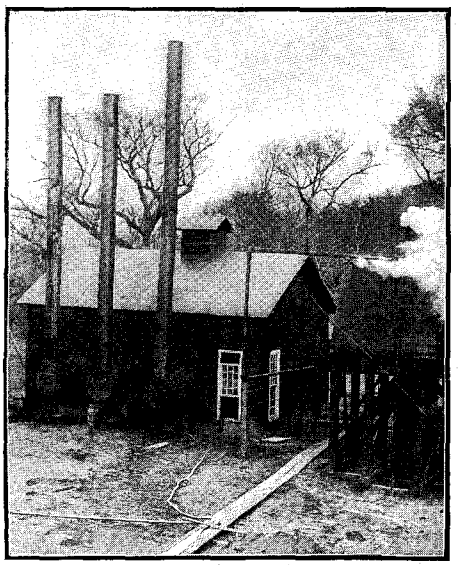


PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR HEWITT

A MAIN PIPE LINE

oil. The transportation of crude oil by pipe lines and tank cars was undertaken in the natural course of events, to facilitate the control of the supply of the raw material. The extension into all parts of the world of the selling of the refined products, and the distribution of these products by its own carriers direct to the small dealers and sometimes to the consumers, was an inevitable outcome of the need for a market for its enormous output, and its underlying principle of eliminating, wherever possible, the profit to the middleman. The production of oil has always been in the hands of many individuals or small companies. In the Illinois field alone, where production was begun hardly two years ago, there are one hundred and eighty-five producing companies. In that field the Standard owns about one-third of the wells and produces about one-fifth of the oil. The statement of the Standard as to its purpose in entering the producing business is that it did so "in order to increase the supply of crude oil and to supplement the efforts of other producers in developing such difficult fields as West Virginia, where the expenses and the risks are especially great."



PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR HEWITT

A PUMPING STATION

Aside from the small proportion of cases, therefore, in which the Company is itself the producer, it is when

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the oil is above ground and stored in the producer's tanks that the Standard first becomes interested in it. As we drove back over (or rather through) the unspeakable roads of southern Illinois, fetlock-deep with the stickiest clay mud I ever saw, a lone figure tramping cheerfully through the drizzle appeared, to typify this phase. A ten-foot pole in his hand and a flat leather case hanging at his side proclaimed him the gauger, the point of contact between producer and Standard. As he turned in from the road to the group of buildings indicating the center of an oil farm, we followed. Accompanied by the producer's pumper, who met him, he climbed to the top of the rough house covering the four-hundred-and-fifty-barrel tanks which receive the oil from the dozen wells on the farm. Two tanks were full and ready for him. With an oblong brass instrument (known politely as the "thief") which he took from his leather case and let down to the bottom of the tank, he secured a sample of oil from the lowest layer. Pouring it out over his palm, he determined that the oil was of good quality, free from water and sediment. With his pole he measured the depth of the oil, recorded the figure on a blank known as a "run-ticket," and opened the valve which admits the oil to the gathering line of the Standard's pipe-line system. The oil in the tank was now the property of the Standard, in accordance with a contract made with the producer when his first well began to flow. The next morning the gauger would visit the farm again, measure the depth of the oil remaining in the tank, record it on his run-ticket, and shut and lock the valve. At night, when he returned to the office, the figures on the run-ticket would be telegraphed (the Standard has its own telegraph system wherever its pipe lines run) to the central office of the company for the Illinois field, the quantity of oil run would be figured out from his data, and the resulting amount placed to the credit of the producer. (As the producing company is very seldom the actual owner of the farm, the credit is divided, in the proportion fixed by the terms of the lease, between the producing company and the farm owner. The owner's royalty varies in different cases from one-sixth to one-quarter.) At any time within two months the producer (and the same is true of the farm owner) may elect to receive his pay for the oil so credited, at the market price ruling on the day he so elects. When he decides to accept payment, a check is sent him immediately; it may be within twenty-four hours from the time his oil is run, it may be sixty days later. If at the end

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR HEWITT

THE GAUGER

"The point of contact between producer and Standard"

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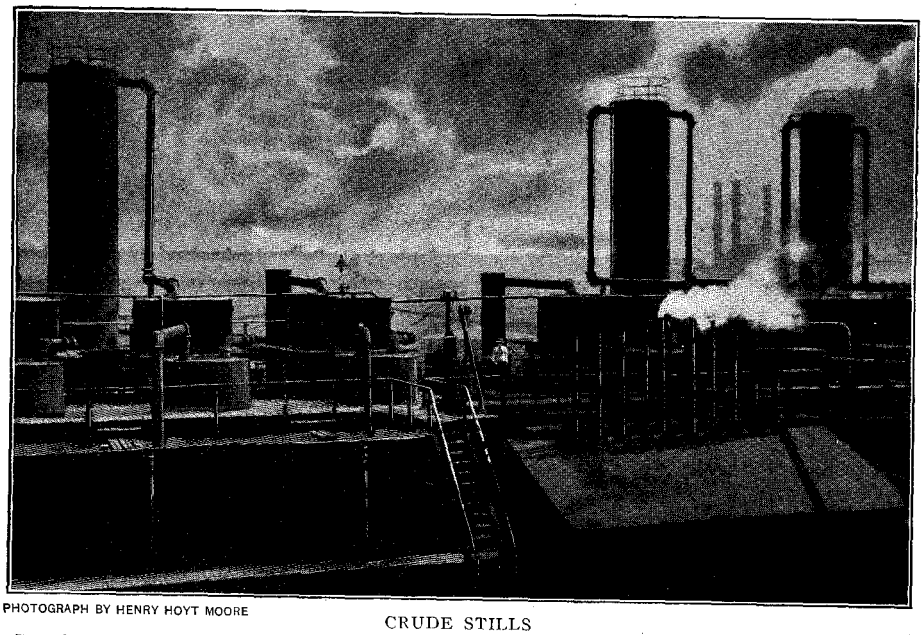


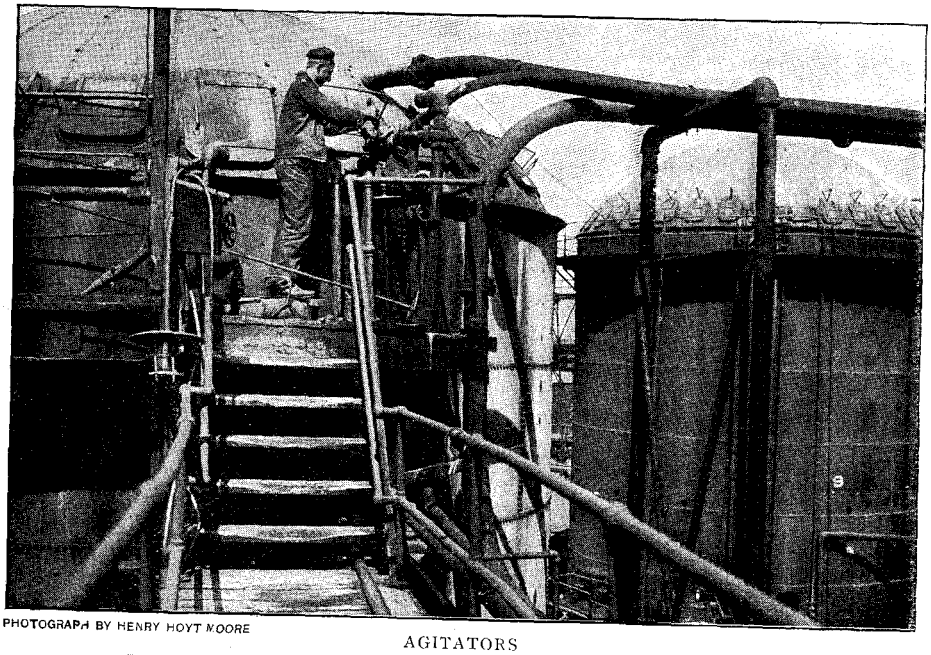
PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

CRUDE STILLS

Here the crude oil is roughly separated, by fractional distillation, into naphtha, illuminating oils, gas and fuel oils, and tar

of two months he has not requested payment, a check is sent him at the price ruling on the first day of the third month. The Standard provides the producer a market for his oil, taking it from him at the well, and giving him instant payment if he wishes at the market price, or the privilege of speculating on the price for two months.

In a field like Illinois the Standard provides the sole market for the producer. So the producer demands of the Standard that he be "taken care of," that his entire production be drawn off



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

AGITATORS

Here the different distillates are cleansed and purified by treatment with various chemicals

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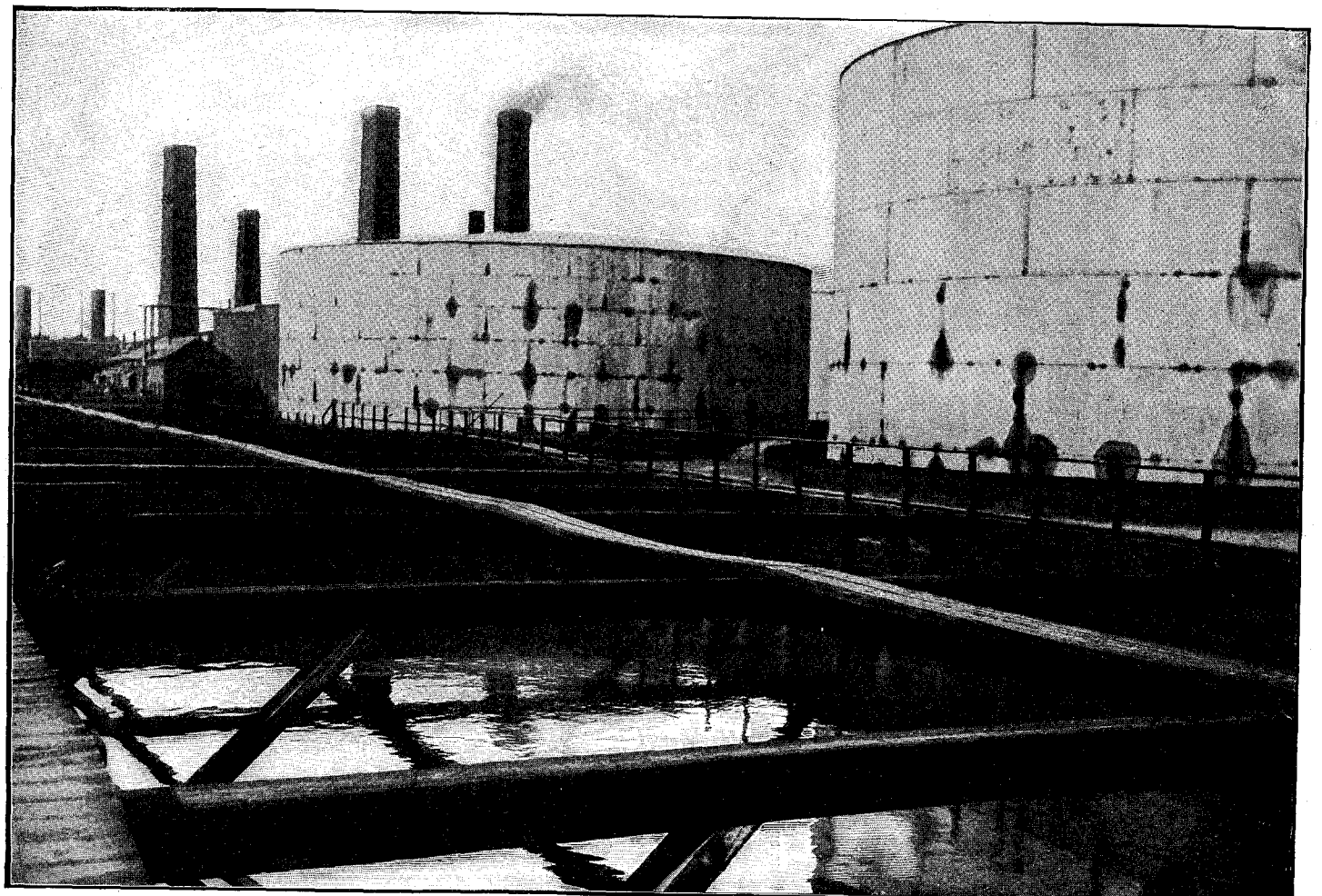

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

SETTLING TANKS

The water used in washing out stills, agitators, the tanks of steamers and barges, and in fact any receptacle that has held oil, is run into these great open tanks. In the course of time the oil separates from the water and can be drawn off. This is a good illustration of Standard efficiency—nothing is allowed to be lost

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day by day, or as fast as his tanks are filled; and for this he has a very good reason. The business of producing oil is a peculiar one, from its uncertainty. As in every other kind of mining, there is no way of knowing the extent of the available supply. As a vein of ore often "pinches out" with disconcerting suddenness, so an oil field may run dry. But the owner of a coal mine or a gold mine knows that, whatever the supply of the mineral in his property may be, it is there, and will stay there till he gets it out. In an oil field, however, all the wells in a given section are drawing from one pool. If a producer stops drawing on the supply, his neighbor may get more than his share. Unlike the solid mineral, his oil may run away, and probably will, unless he makes every effort, and makes it continuously, to give it an outlet through his wells. This peculiarity of the supply leads to an interesting course of procedure in an oil field. Each producer drills first the wells nearest his neighbors' lines. These will draw, not only from the supply of oil beneath his own land, but from their portions of the pool. The wells in the center of his farm can wait; they will tap only his own supply of oil, not so likely to be drawn off by his competitor. If he can drill faster and pump faster, his share of the common fund in the pool below will be the greater.

A visit to another part of the field the next day showed how the Standard was doing its best to "take care of" the producer. On either side of the road, as we drove toward the main pipe-line station, a company of giant red cheese-boxes stretched in regular array over an area half a mile square. Each cheese-box, an iron tank ninety feet in diameter and thirty feet high, holds thirty-five thousand barrels of crude oil, bought from the producer, and paid for at a cost of nearly twenty thousand dollars. The sixty-one tanks on this "tank farm" contain over two million barrels of oil, representing an investment of a million and a quarter dollars. On the far corner of the "farm" are eight or ten new tanks, in all stages of construction—one with its floor half laid, a second with the first layer of side-plates just being riveted into position, two others, side by side, being raced to completion by rival crews. The last of the group, with its wooden roof only half covered with its iron coat, is already two-thirds full of oil. For the producer cannot wait; he must be "taken care of." Over each unfinished tank swarm gangs of men working with a will that brings one of these cheese-boxes to completion in ten days, and adds five thirty-five-thousand-barrel units to the farm's storage capacity every week. But this is only a new field; the stock of oil has been accumulated in less than eight months. In the Kansas field the stock of crude oil in storage amounts to twenty-one million barrels, bought and paid for, meaning an investment of between twelve and thirteen million dollars.

Beyond the tank farm lie two neat, square buildings of gray concrete, the tall iron stacks of the smaller proclaiming the pumping station. Here is the outlet of the oil field, the gate through which the petroleum from over three thousand wells pours out to the world. Within the larger building a great triple expansion pump is drawing the oil from the nearest tanks of the "farm" and pushing it on through the two lines of pipe, one eight inches in diameter, the other twelve, stretching away toward the east. Forty miles away another pumping station, similar in every detail, will take the oil, made sluggish by the friction of its long journey, and give it a fresh impulse for its onward journey. Two hundred miles from the start the oil, three times refreshed in its course, will join a greater stream moving steadily from the west to the seaboard. Thirty-five thousand barrels a day this great pump is pouring out; in a few months two companion pumps, somewhat smaller, but by no means babies, will join in the work; for the producer must be "taken care of." Converging to this gateway from all parts of the field, five hundred miles of pipe line, varying in size from two-inch at the wells to eight-inch at the outlet, gather the oil from the producers' tanks. And all these lines, with the two hundred miles of line (double most of the way)

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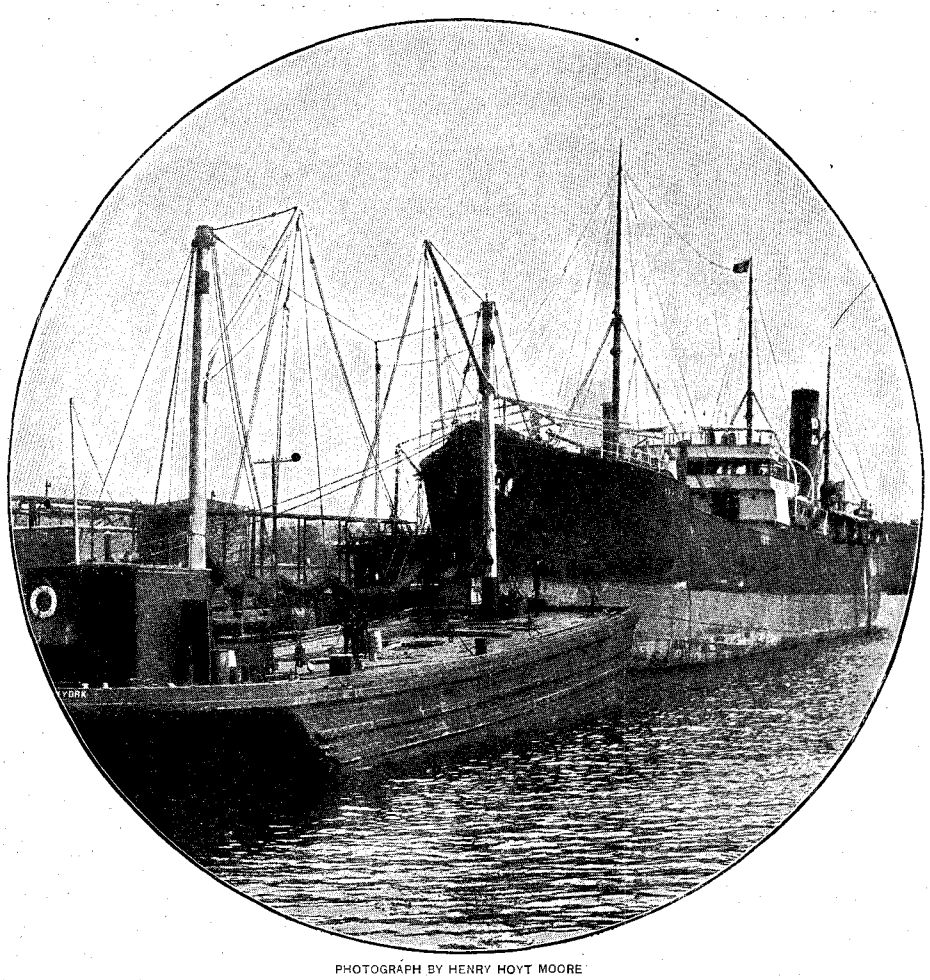
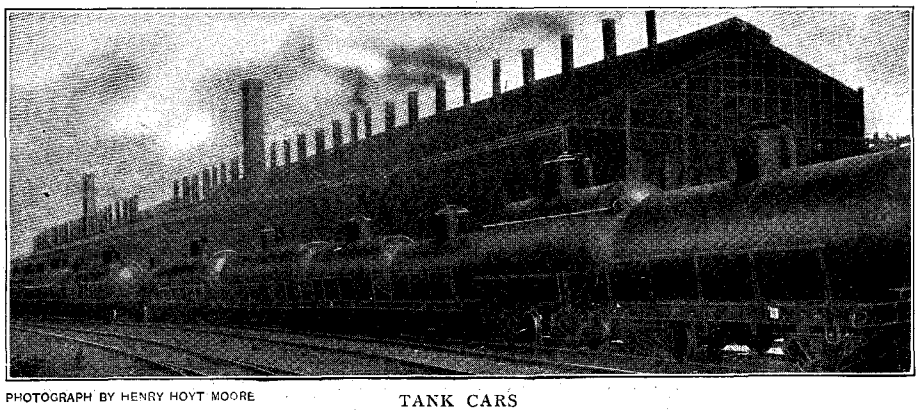


PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

A TANK STEAMER FOR BULK OIL AND A LIGHTER FOR WAX OR OIL IN BARRELS

affording the outlet to the east, have been built in eight months. So in each field—Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Illinois, California, Kansas, Ohio—miles on miles of gathering lines are bringing in the flood of oil to the gateways to be



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

TANK CARS

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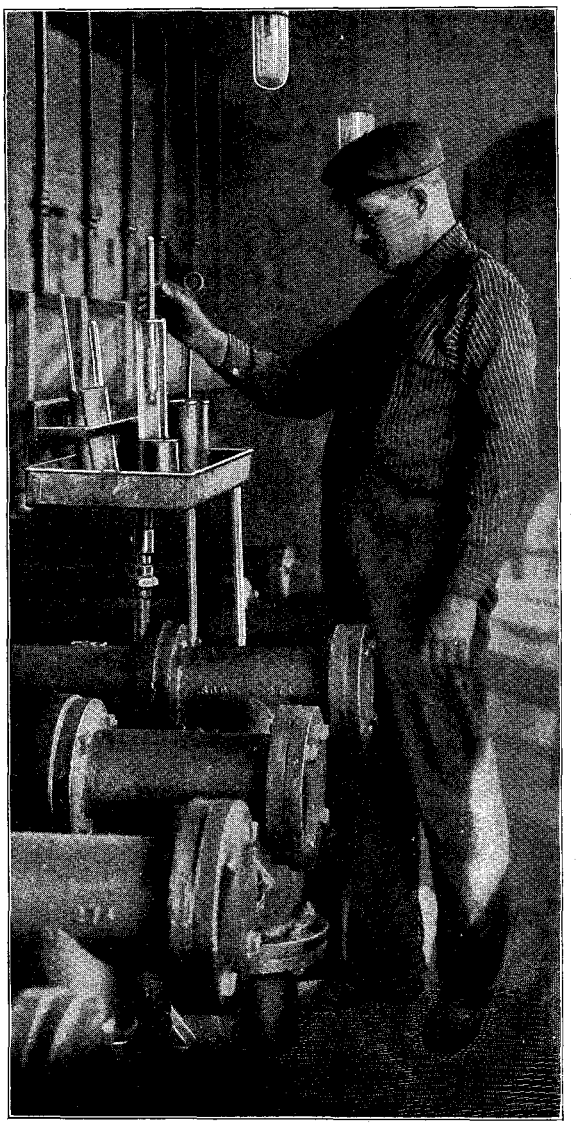
poured out through the trunk lines to the refineries on the seacoast, and the lake shores, and at vantage points for railway and river transportation. Eight thousand miles of trunk pipe lines the Standard has, fed by seventy-five thousand miles of gathering lines. By these means and by means of hundreds of storage tanks on the "farms" in every field the producer is being "taken care of."

The center of the Standard system is the refinery. On one side of it stretches out the network of pipe lines bringing in from thousands of wells the crude oil; on the other, a distributing system of even greater extent carries to the markets of the world the refined products. Refining was the first business of the Standard; it is still its principal business. In the year 1906 the Standard produced 23,000,000 barrels of refined oil, a quantity sufficient to last a family using five gallons a week nearly four hundred and fifty thousand years. If that one year's product of refined oil were to be stored in a single tank of the diameter of the storage tanks in the oil fields, the tank would need to be fifteen miles high. In addition, the Standard manufactured nearly six million barrels of naphthas of various grades, millions of barrels of lubricating oils, and millions of pounds of paraffin wax and candles.

One refinery is much like another; they differ only in details of arrangement, of no significance to the layman. Refining has little of the quality of picturesqueness that attends other manufacturing processes. Steel-making and glass-blowing, for instance, have spectacular aspects. The making of a locomotive, or an ax, or even a pin, is carried on before your eyes, and with a fascinating exhibition of ponderous strength and delicate precision. From the very nature of the material, however (a fluid, constantly impelled to flow and spread and seek escape from its captivity), the refining of oil must be carried on, so to say, behind closed doors. At only two points in its course from crude to re-



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

THE STILLMAN

The stillman, in his little house where the pipes from each of a long row of stills converge, watches the flow from each still and directs the fireman to increase or moderate the fires as occasion demands. At regular intervals he tests the specific gravity of the distillate from each still, and when the gravity reaches a certain point, indicating the dividing line between naphtha, for instance, and illuminating oil, he turns the stream into another tank.

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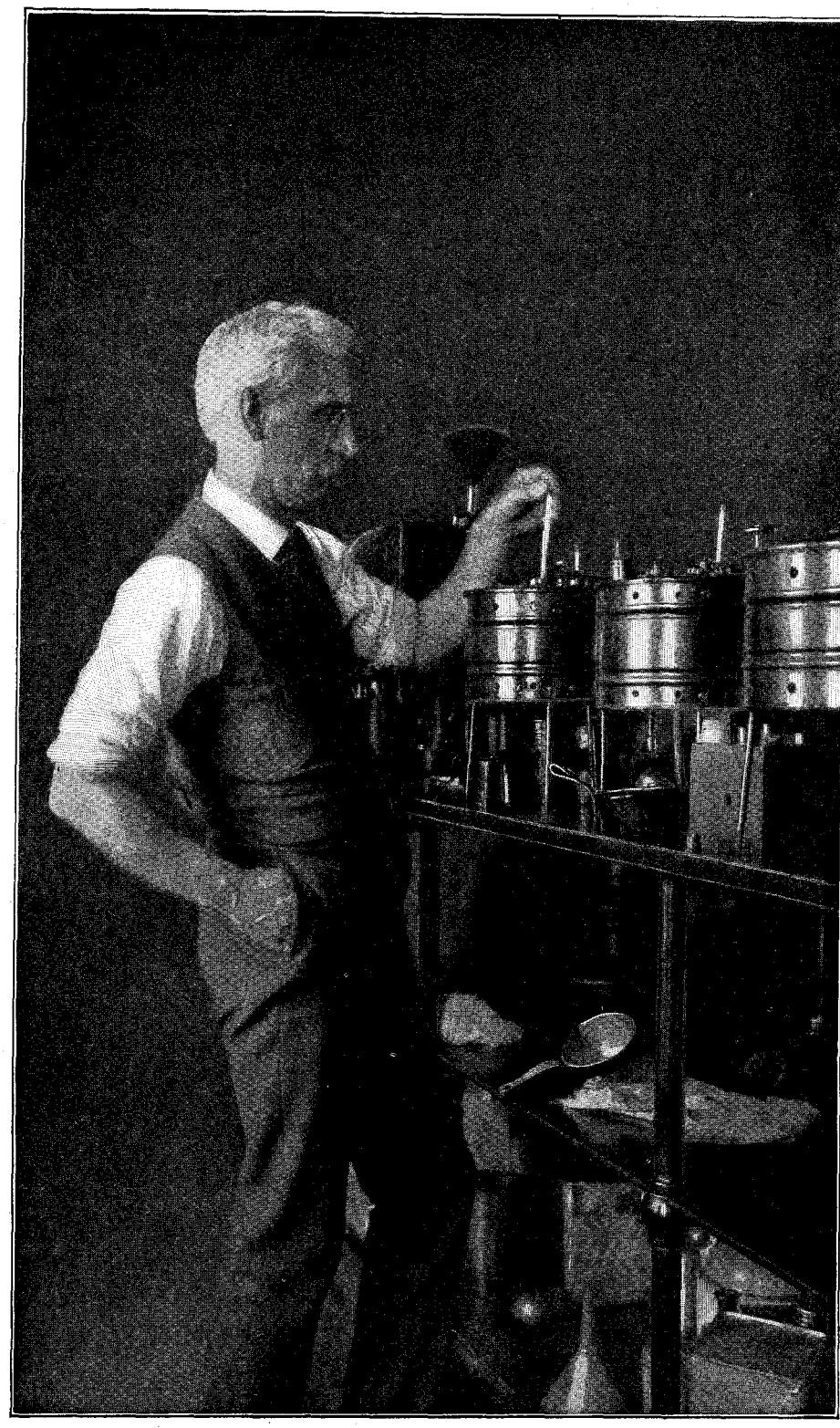

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

THE VISCOSITY TEST FOR LUBRICATING OILS

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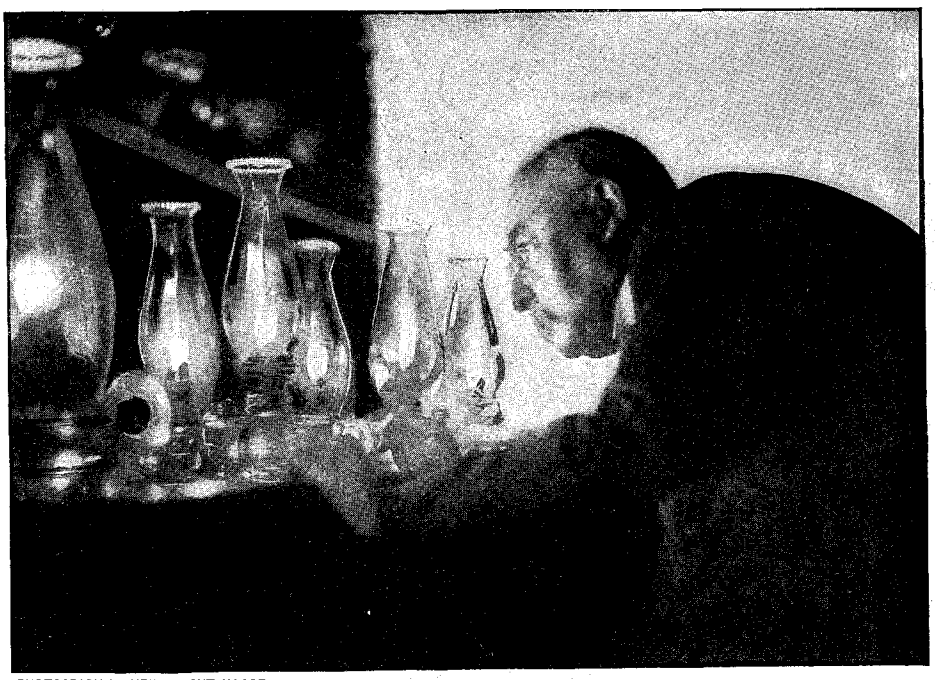
fined is the oil visible, and each time it is only going from one confinement to another, a captive on parole. So the processes must be viewed with the mind's eye, the observation gaining perhaps a little fascination of its own from its very limitation.

Crude petroleum is a mixture of an indefinite number of compounds of hydrogen and carbon, varying in characteristic from the lightest of the naphthas at the top to the heavy coke at the bottom. The process of refining is known as fractional distillation, which depends upon the fact that each of the constituents has a different boiling point, or point at which it passes from a liquid to a gaseous state, as water does when it becomes steam. The petroleum (known in the vernacular of the refinery as "crude"), which has been brought by the pipe line from Pennsylvania, or West Virginia, or Illinois, or far Kansas, to the refinery's storage tanks, is pumped into stills, standing by scores in a row. The stills are great boilers, and a steady fire is kept beneath them, when charged with a fresh supply of crude, for three days. As the temperature of the still rises, the lighter oils (the naphthas) are vaporized first. They are condensed again to liquid by passing through long coils of pipe surrounded by cold water. Next come the illuminating oils, heavier and requiring greater heat to vaporize. The residue, left in the still, is called tar; by a further distillation in other stills it is resolved into many grades of lubricating oil, fuel oils, wax, roofing pitch, and a final solid product called coke, useful for making carbon points for electric lights and for burning. The impure products of the first distillation are cleansed by washing in great cylindrical "agitators" with sulphuric acid, caustic soda, litharge, and other chemicals. They are then redistilled for further refinement, to give them the white "color" which in many sections is an almost indispensable quality, and to make them test high enough to meet the requirements of the laws of the different States and countries where they are to be sold.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

THE LAMP TEST

In former days the lamp test was the only one used. Now it is used merely as an additional check on the more thorough and scientific tests to which every batch of oil is subjected

If the actual processes of refining are invisible, a large refinery carries on many activities that have much of picturesque-

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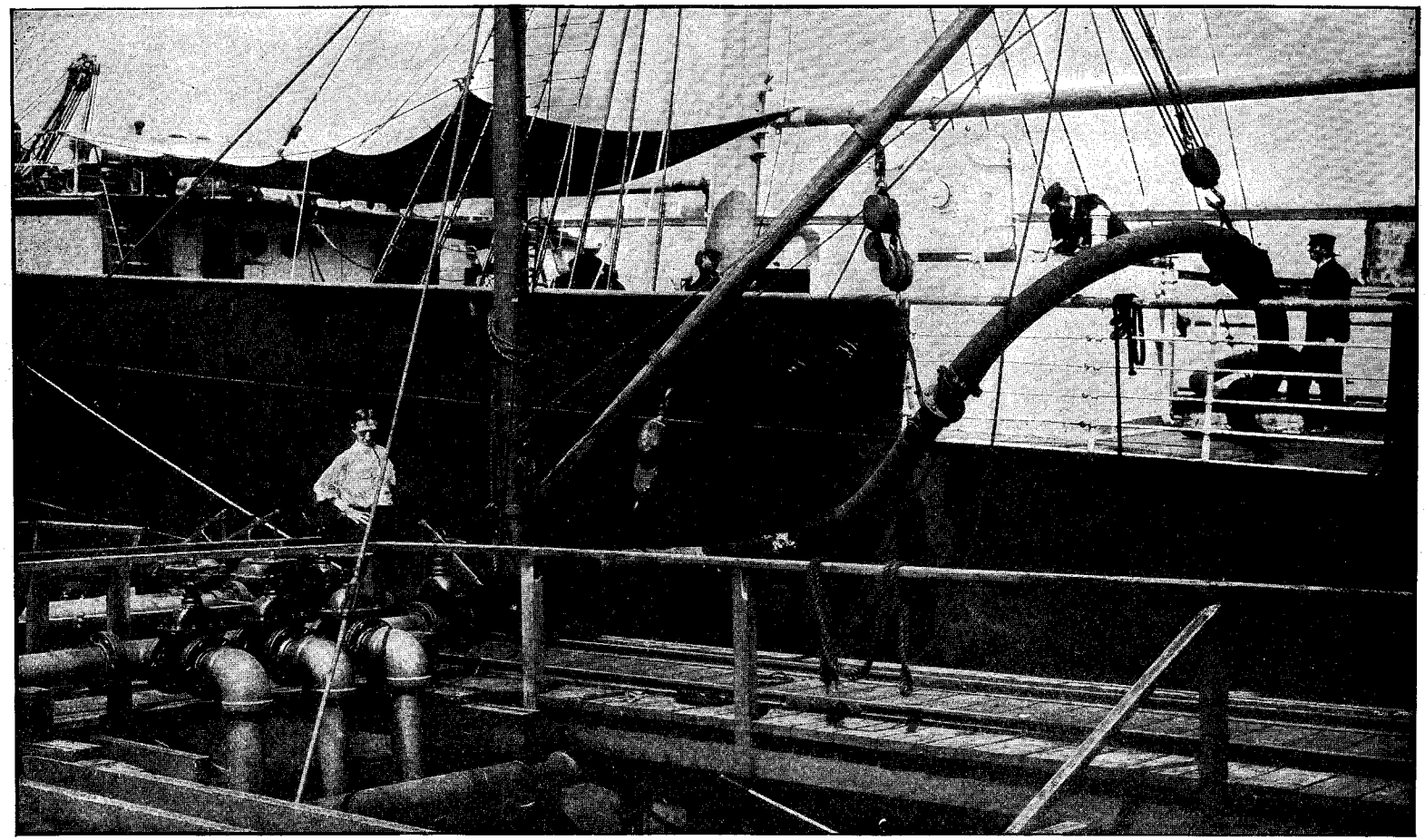

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

LOADING A BULK STEAMER

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ness. The refinery at Bayonne, New Jersey, one of the largest of the nineteen owned by the Standard, covers an area of four hundred acres and employs six thousand men. The mere extent of the works is impressive. In a building near the landing pier three giant pumps with twenty-foot fly-wheels are running smoothly, irresistibly, with hardly more noise than a well-oiled sewing-machine. Each of these monsters is pumping fifteen million gallons of water in every twenty-four hours. Two others, not far away, are adding the same quota to the great flood needed for cooling the distillates in the condensers.

These pumps are of interest not only because their size is impressive, but because they are built by the Standard. A visit to its great pump-works at Oil City shows a manufactory with the most modern and complete equipment, employing five hundred and sixty men. When I visited the works, there were on the floor in process of erection a five hundred horse-power triple expansion pump for Marcelline, Missouri, capable of pumping 50,000 barrels a day; two compound pumps of 18,000 barrels capacity for two points in the Illinois field; a fifteen hundred horse-power compressor, which in a month or so would be pumping ten million cubic feet of natural gas a day from southern Pennsylvania to Pittsburg; a thousand horse-power compressor for pumping gas to Buffalo; a small pump for an oil barge; and several gas engines for oil farms in Illinois and West Virginia. The Standard believes in buying nothing which it can make as well or better. At Oil City it builds pumps, at Buffalo tank cars, at each refinery it carries on many auxiliary industries. At Bayonne, for instance, the Standard makes its own barrels and re-coopers the old ones returned from the consumer; the oak for the barrels comes from its own forests in South Carolina. It makes the glue used for coating the inside of the barrels, the sulphuric acid used in the "agitators," the wooden cases which hold two five-gallon tin cans, and, most important of all, the cans themselves in which all oil for the Far East and tropical countries must be shipped, to prevent deterioration.

The making of the five-gallon can is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. Up and down the length of a long room passes on endless belts the can in the making; after the first three or four machines, which stamp from the tin plate top, bottom, and sides and crimp them together, have been fed by hand, the can is not touched again till it is filled with oil and ready to be lifted into its case. In the process ten seams are soldered; three men serve to tend the soldering machines that turn out sixty thousand cans a day. When the can is filled, and, with a fellow, in its wooden case, the cover is nailed on by a machine, and the case sent off by another endless belt to the shipping-room.

As the tug bore us swiftly down New York Harbor to the refinery at Bayonne, a line of great tank steamers, stretched at anchor along the Staten Island shore, suggested a measure of the growth of the Standard business. Twenty years ago the foremost exporter of his day was exceedingly proud of the achievement of his works when they loaded a ship a day, six ships a week. Those six ships carried perhaps thirty thousand barrels of refined oil. To-day the Bayonne works still load a ship a day, but that one steamer carries twice the week's output of the olden days.

At the dock we found two more tank ships, one half-loaded with refined oil in bulk for Germany, the other having her tanks washed out for her cargo of oil for Calcutta. The jute factories up the Hooghly River in India use large quantities of this "batching" oil in their manufacturing processes. At the next pier a great square-ended barge, all tanks from bow to stern, was cleaning up after a trip from Baltimore. Soon she would take aboard refined oil for the New England market. Next her the crew of a broad, unwieldy lighter was handily tautening down the tarpaulin covering on a load of hundreds of barrels of wax, destined for one of the tramp freighters in the harbor or for the hold of a trans-Atlantic liner. At the last pier lay a reminder that the days of the sailing vessel are not quite past. A full-rigged ship was taking on the last of

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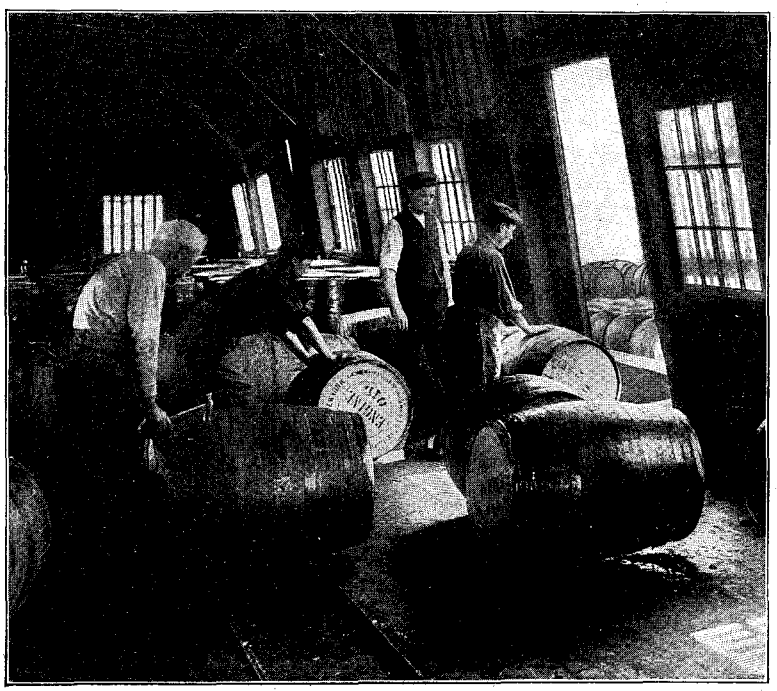
a cargo of a hundred thousand ten-gallon cases of illuminating oil. Her destination was Australia. A sister ship, at anchor off shore, would take her place presently to load for China. On a spur track at the other side of the refinery grounds a train of tank cars was taking on refined oil for the distributing stations in New Jersey.

These were representatives of a fleet of sixty-five steamers and nineteen sailing vessels for foreign service; a fleet of one hundred and five barges, twenty tugs, nine towing steamers, and six launches, and an equipment of nine thousand two hundred tank cars for domestic trade.

The distributing station of the Standard, close by a railway station, with its characteristic tank and neat stable, is a familiar sight. In the domestic service 3,326 of these stations are supplied with oil by tank cars and barges. From the stations nearly five thousand tank wagons go out carrying the oil over regular routes to the country stores. The wagons sell not only oil, but lamps and oil heaters, both of simple but exceedingly efficient designs. They are sold at low prices, to stimulate the use of oil. In the foreign service the Standard has one hundred and sixty-two importing stations, almost five thousand distributing stations, thirty manufacturing plants, and four thousand tank wagons. The Standard has always devoted itself vigorously to the extension of its market throughout the world. In this endeavor it has had to work against the competition of the great oil fields of Russia. How well it has succeeded is indicated by the fact that sixty per cent. of the refined oil which it produces is exported.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

LOADING A LIGHTER WITH LUBRICATING OIL

The name of the Standard Oil Company has come to mean a number of things, good and bad, to different people, with how much justice in each case would be hard to determine. But one very definite thing it does stand for: a standard of quality, an inflexible requirement of the highest excellence in its products.

The question was recently propounded, "What has been the greatest contribution to the progress of civilization in

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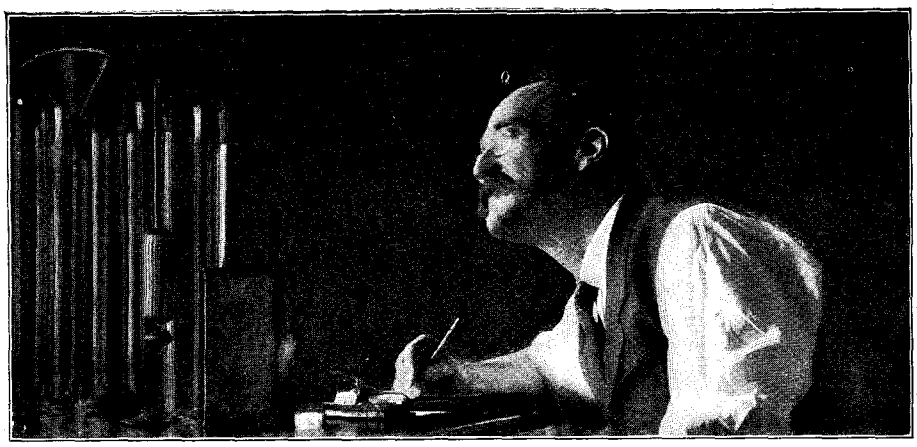
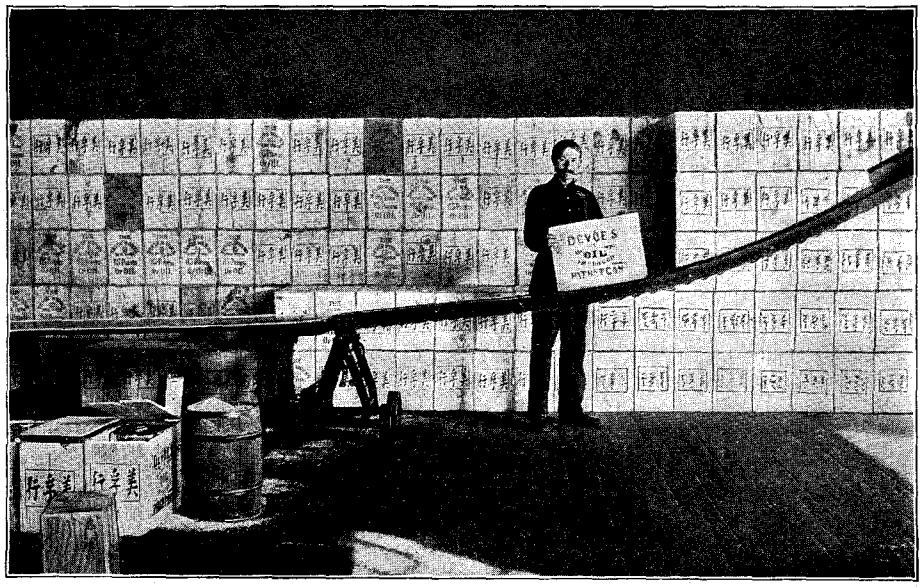


PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

TESTING SPECIFIC GRAVITY

this country?" The natural replies—the printing-press, the steam-engine, the telegraph—were all negatived by the propounder and the true answer declared to be, "The Standard Oil Company." Further explanation was offered somewhat in this wise: "The Standard Oil Company, by improving the processes of refining petroleum, by raising the standard for refined oil and by lowering its price, has made it possible for the farmer, the dweller in the small towns and villages, the ranchman and the miner in their isolation, to have a safe, efficient, and cheap light, and by its help to read at will through the longest evenings of the winter. The availability of an inexpensive standard illuminant has made possible the extension of the mission of the printing-press; by bringing the distant dwellers into contact, through their reading, with the world has increased their desire and their need for travel, has spread civilization into the far corners of the land." The claim is doubtless exaggerated, the ranking far too high for any one body of men; but there is more than a germ of truth in the suggestion. The Standard has steadily improved the quality of refined



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

CASE OIL FOR CHINA

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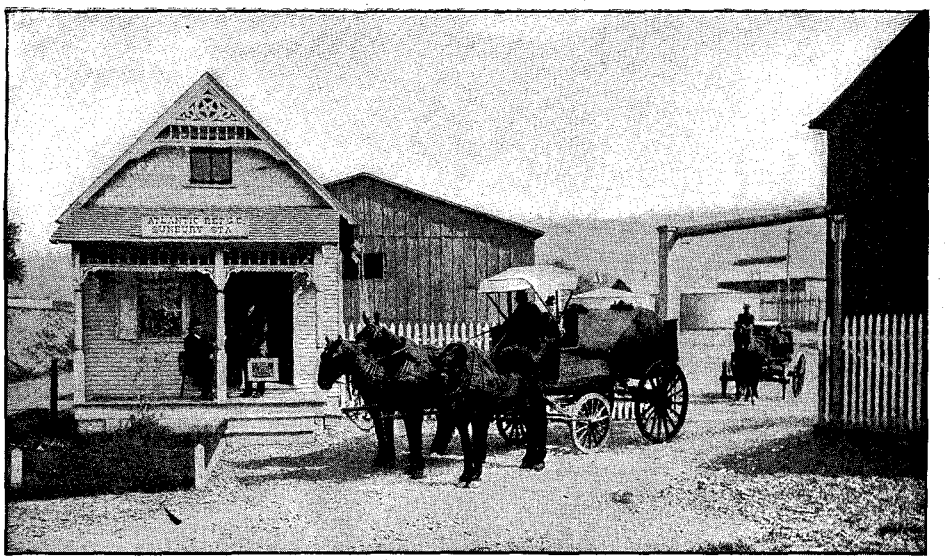

A DISTRIBUTING STATION AND TANK WAGONS

oil, till, as an officer of the Company said, "The poorest refined oil to-day is probably better than the best twenty years ago."

This standard is maintained by constant inspection and testing of products, and by the most careful attention to complaints from any source whatever. Every refinery has a fully equipped laboratory, where skilled experts make careful tests of the products at every point in their manufacture, solve the problems that continually arise from the variation in the character of the "crude," and make experiments with a view to improvement in methods of manufacture and to betterment, however slight, in the quality of the product. In addition, the top floor of the famous building at 26 Broadway contains another laboratory, under the direction of the chief chemist of the company, where checking tests are made on samples of each shipment from the various refineries. An illustration will indicate the thoroughness of the inspection.

When a tank steamer is loaded at Bayonne, for example, the mate, who of course has no connection with the refinery, takes a sample of oil from each of the steamer's tanks. These samples, perhaps a dozen in number, are placed in a locked case and sent to the laboratory at 26 Broadway. There they are put through the usual tests. When the ship reaches its destination—say, London—the mate takes another series of samples, incloses them in another locked case, and sends it back by the next steamer. Tests of these samples will reveal any deterioration of the oil in any one or more of the tanks. An unfavorable result from any of these inspections will be called sharply to the attention of the men responsible for the manufacturing. Warning is also sent to the selling department in England that that lot of oil is not perfect; they are instructed to be on the watch for complaints, and to allow the return of the oil if it does not give satisfaction. As at the one end of the line the Standard strives to "take care of the producer," at the other it bends every effort to satisfy the consumer.

Several years ago a complaint of the quality of the oil was received by cable from Norway. By the first steamer after its receipt three men went to investigate. Tracing the complaint to its source, they found the fishermen along the lonely Norwegian coasts using the oil in lamps formerly used for burning fish-oil. Unsatisfactory results from even the finest oil burnt in those lamps, clogged and foul with the residue of such a crude product, were inevitable. Demonstrations in proper lamps showed the origi-

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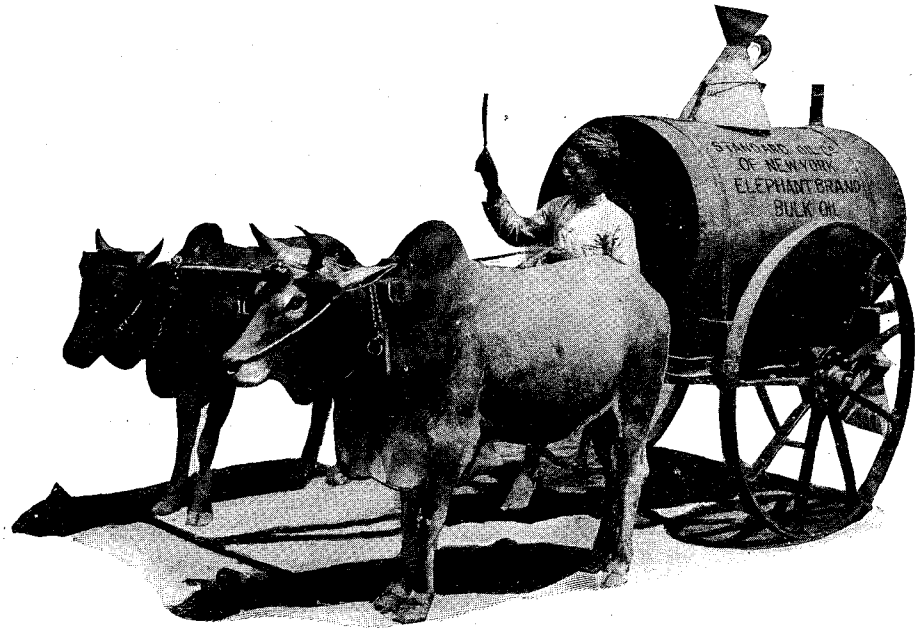
nators of the complaint the baselessness of their charge. It cost the Company five thousand dollars to run down that complaint; but the "standard" was vindicated.

In addition to the constant inspection of the Standard's products, its chemists do invaluable work in the investigation of manufacturing processes. The crude oil from each field differs in some particulars from every other crude, and in most cases requires a different method of refining. The Ohio crude is the most notable example of this peculiarity. It is heavily charged with sulphur. It was a long time before a process for removing the sulphur was discovered in the Standard laboratories. The discovery raised the Ohio crude from an almost worthless product to a position of practically equal value with other crudes. The Texas crude went begging at a cent a barrel until the Standard invented a satisfactory method for refining it. The California crude was for long considered to be of value only for burning in its unrefined form. The Standard chemists finally succeeded in solving the problem of its refinement.

It is safe to say that there is one body of men to whom the more or less popular conception of the Standard as a soulless giant of predatory tendencies has no reality. To the sixty thousand employees of the Standard in this country and abroad the Company is a good master. The men of the rank and file are held in their loyalty by good wages, considerate treatment, and the prospect of a pension after faithful service. The men in the more responsible positions are actuated not only by feelings of gratitude for generous recognition of their services, but by a sense of partnership in the greatness of the business which they have themselves helped to build up. Many times I have asked foremen and superintendents and higher officers how long they have been with the Standard, and the invariable reply has been fifteen years, or eighteen, or twenty, or twenty-seven, or thirty years; men do not stay with an employer for such lengths of time merely for the money they can make. In every case, too, an enthusiasm has been expressed for the Standard which speaks well for its leaders and for the spirit in which they have conducted its internal affairs. From my observation the Standard army has a full measure of that *esprit de corps* which is almost vitally essential to victory in the arts of peace as well as in those of



A TANK WAGON IN INDIA

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war. Whatever outside observers think of the Standard, the men, from the top to the bottom, who have helped to make it what it is, believe in it.

In 1899 the President of the Standard Oil Company appeared before the United States Industrial Commission and made the following statement:

I ascribe the success of the Standard to its consistent policy to make the volume of its business large through the merits and cheapness of its products. It has spared no expense in finding, securing, and utilizing the best and cheapest method of manufacture. It has sought for the best superintendents and workmen and paid the best wages. It has not hesitated to sacrifice old machinery and old plants for new and better ones. It has placed its manufactories at the points where they could supply markets at the least expense. It has not only sought markets for its principal products but for all possible by-products, sparing no expense in introducing them to the public. It has not hesitated to invest millions of dollars in methods for cheapening the gathering and distribution of oils by pipe lines, special cars, tank steamers and tank wagons. It has erected tank stations at every important railroad station to cheapen the storage and delivery of its products. It has spared no expense in forcing its products into the markets of the world among people civilized and uncivilized. It has had faith in American oil, and has brought together millions of money for the purpose of making it what it is, and holding its market against the competition of Russia and all the many countries which are producers of oil and competitors against American oil.

There can be little question that in this statement Mr. Rockefeller neglected to mention one important element—that of special privilege—which has contributed largely to the attainment of its present commanding position by the Standard. But, in the words of perhaps the severest, certainly the most thorough, critic of the Company, "those privileges alone will not account for its success. . . . Had it possessed only the qualities which the general public has always attributed to it, its overthrow would have come before this." And Mr. Rockefeller has expressed, better than any one else could, the admirable principles and business methods on which is based what Miss Tarbell has aptly called "the legitimate greatness of the Standard Oil Company."

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THE CHILDREN'S LIBRARY AND THE HOME

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

WITH the increased interest in the problem of children's reading, there arises a doubt which cannot very easily be dispelled. Despite the fact that the public library, the public school, and the state are concentrating their efforts on the subject in a most commendable manner, their aims and purposes are as yet only half conceived; while the cultural value of reading for its own sake is being almost wholly ignored. We find the library doing school work and the teacher doing library work; and together it is looked upon as their requisite duty to accomplish an amount of training which should be relegated to the special province of the home.

Let us not regard the matter in a sentimental fashion. The parent has a first indisputable right to mold the initial tastes of childhood, and it is because the parent has, to a large extent, become callous to the situation that the library organization has been forced to step into the breach.

One cannot help feeling, however, that library specialists are counting too much upon the problem of children's reading crystallizing into a science, when the whole attitude will be a self-conscious one—as lacking in spontaneity as a public school system.

In the school, reading has become stereotyped; it is necessarily prescribed. In the library it should remain unfettered, provided always that the open shelves are stacked in quality and not in quantity. But, in order to reach any basis of personal influence, the library should have the co-operation of the home, which, unfortunately, it is not receiving.

We read a great deal about the special training given to those elected to do children's work. The library schools of the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, of the New York State Library in Albany, and of the Carnegie Library in Pittsburg, as well as that in Atlanta, afford efficient training. But unless there are formulated the methods by which a delicate adjustment of the culture-value of books with the public educational scheme may be readily accomplished, the librarians of children's rooms will remain in ignorance of the most important phase of their work, and their influence will be handicapped. The voluntary spirit of a child reader is a rare basis to begin with. Since the home has not recognized it, the library must.

The library is different from a school, where a boy or girl is told to do such and such a thing and is expected to obey; the librarian is offered no such prerogative. The immediate necessity, then, is to adopt some means by which that free spirit of juvenile taste, which is seeking the lines of least resistance, can be made unconsciously to follow the lines of best results. You cannot say to a child, You must not read this or that. But if this or that is bad, you can say, We do not allow it upon our shelves.

The large field of children's literature should be mastered by the librarian, not superficially, but so as to gain an intelligent controlling power over increasing productivity. Plato recommended a strict censorship of the writers of fiction; the librarian needs to be such a censor. Plato further pleaded with mothers and nurses to tell better stories to their children; the librarian is expected to heed this ancient warning. Our public system throughout the country, munificent as it is, has not yet demanded what it should demand of the home—a human responsibility in the issue, and an active interest in the immediate necessities of the situation.

The whole matter with the public now

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rests on somewhat of a business basis. Since the library is supported by the taxpayers, it should yield a generous interest. But it is expected to do more than this; at present it is subjected to too much responsibility outside of its essential nature. In three directions it is asked to perform its functions: the home exacts it, the school seeks it (despite the fact that in many cities the Boards of Education furnish school libraries for the different grades, thus doubling up or overlapping), and the tenement requires it.

The children's work in the libraries has now become a firmly established fact. But how are we going to use to the best advantage the material at hand? We are furnished with the most attractive rooms, fitted in comfortable fashion, with an eye toward picturesque effect; we are receiving appropriations for the monthly purchase of books; we post bulletins telling of the seasons and the holidays and the great men; we are *doing* all this, but are *not* the effects more educational than cultural? There are many difficulties facing the librarian, the one chief difficulty being the lack of personal contact with the child who draws a book.

Stress is always laid upon the value of the story hour, as an incentive for children to read good books. Here it has always seemed that the library was somehow going outside of its field; that it was aiming to do settlement work at the same time that it was taking a privilege away from the home. But in the face of actual conditions, where, in the crowded portions of our tenement districts, the home dwindles to one room, this story hour is having its cultural effect; it is keeping children away from the streets; it has won over newsboys whose interest has been awakened by Brunhild, Ulysses, and King Arthur.

The picture is always an alluring one: a semicircle of eager, expectant children—on the floor, in chairs, freed from all restraint, and drinking in the golden heritage of the centuries. Without urging, without study, without effort, the brawn and sinew of our literature is becoming part of them. The story-teller finds the children critical and quickly responsive to enthusiasm; they are eager to digest the supernatural, and to have the mystery explained. And when they leave, everything is plain to them—no such confusion as that exhibited by a child who preferred Tennyson's "Knights of the Round Table" because it was "so much like a fable, the way their names would appear on the backs of their chairs," or by the little fellow who cared for "Alice in Wonderland" because it showed many things that could not possibly happen by eating or drinking anything."

That these stories take effect is evinced by the report that the children go home and tell the stories over again to the grown folks—couched maybe in a foreign tongue. One librarian records the fact that a boy read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to his parents, translating into Yiddish as he went along.

This matter of the newsboy and of the tenement child raises an important question for library consideration. To draw a reader away from the "Ragged Dick Series," are you to give him the "classics" only? Must not his taste be slowly developed in stages fairly represented by Stratemeyer, Henty, and the like? Judging by the juvenile fiction being written by our authors, it would seem that we are encouraging a "middle class" literature when there is no necessity for doing so. Stevenson's "Black Arrow" or Norman Duncan's "Adventures of Billy Topsail" will grip any boy off the streets. A book may thrill and still be literature. I have looked in vain among the number of book lists sent to me—lists which in themselves show judicious effort and which it would be well for teachers and parents to examine—but I have not found as yet any intermediate selection of stories between the penny-dreadful class and the classics except those "popular" books marked by an inane style. In view of what is at hand, it is not necessary to stack the library with the inferior fiction which usually characterizes this "series" brand. And the unfortunate reality remains that the publishers as well as the authors often ignore the qualitative value of children's books; of course they do not issue anything will-

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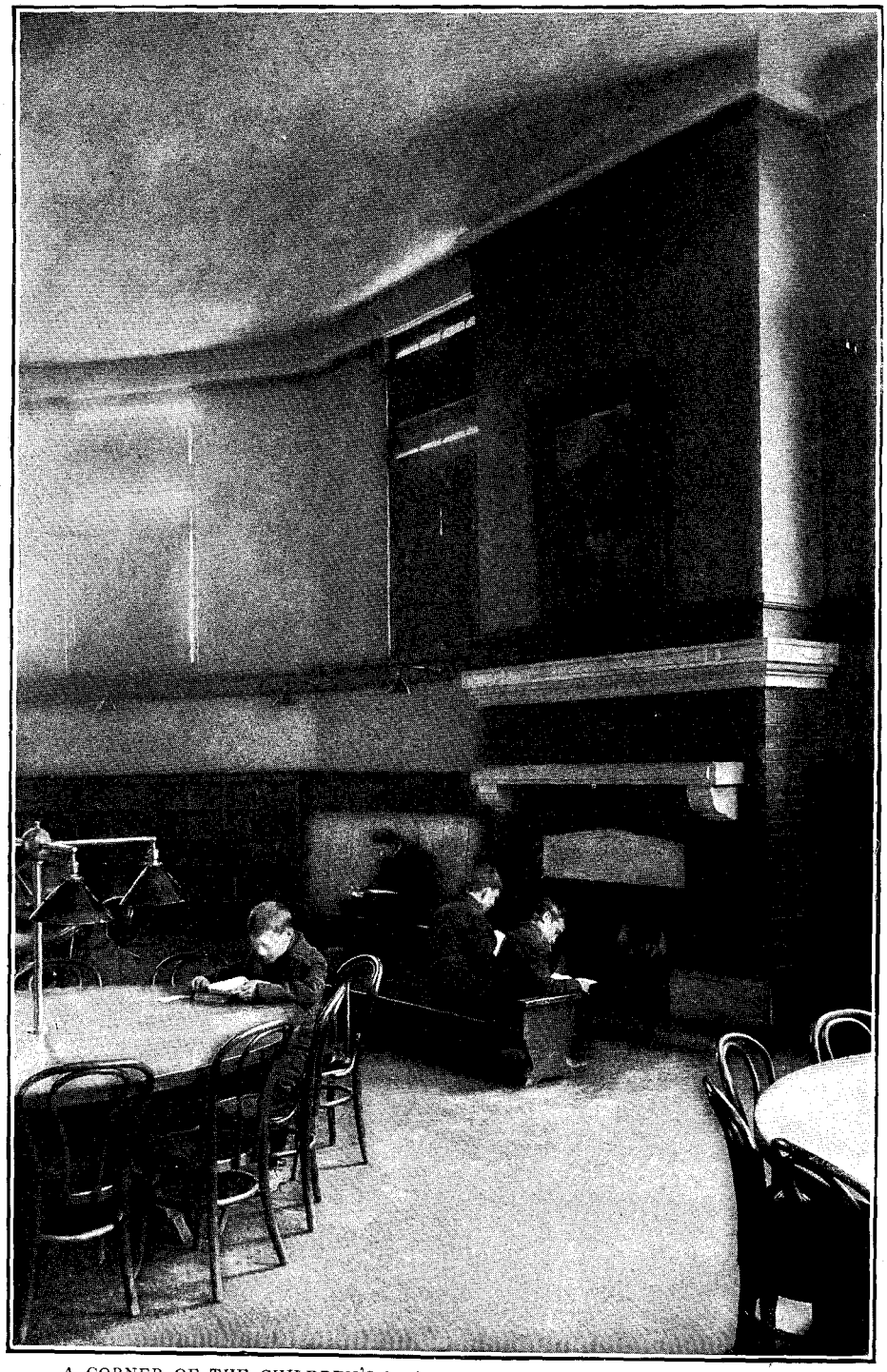

A CORNER OF THE CHILDREN'S ROOM IN THE CLEVELAND PUBLIC LIBRARY

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HOME LIBRARY GROUP IN THE ITALIAN DISTRICT
Conducted by the Cleveland Public Library

fully perverting—in that respect they are carefully considerate; but they do not seem to realize that a level of weak stimulus is vitiating. To aid them in satisfying the craving desire for excitement, the artist is employed to depict the scenes. And it must be claimed for the latter that he ofttimes infuses a spirit into his figures which is far stronger than that to be found in the text. As I have often pointed out, there is grave matter to ponder over in the ethics of the frontispiece.

The bathos of library work for children lies in the mild condescension on the part of some authors in their efforts to curb the largeness of a child's nature. To introduce virtues for themselves alone is an excellent way to send the pendulum swinging far in the opposite direction. One library attempted, during the Peace Conference in New York, to arrange a bulletin for the wall, designed with doves and olive branches, and containing a list of "peaceful" stories and poems. Yet it is a humorous commentary that out of about three hundred letters received from children telling what books they liked and why they liked them, about seventy-five per cent. lauded the war element, and gloried in the fact that on all occasions our soldiers won. The bulletin practice will have its effect only when there is an attractive force behind it. The spirit of bravery, of large action, of imaginative scope, will always hold the juvenile mind. Unfortunately, one detects the predominance of the educational idea, the effort to serve up useful knowledge in poster shape—the same effort that predominates in some of the juvenile fiction, where the imagination cannot move for fear of missing fact. Strive as librarians will to interest children in Wordsworth or Tennyson by showing their portraits and their homes, the most popular bulletins have been those dealing with legends and tales of romance and chivalry. In passing, it is worth while to emphasize that among all those letters received, one only is individualized by the loneliness of its appeal, by the tragedy of its rare occurrence: a little girl asked for a certain book because "my mother and father also loved the story."

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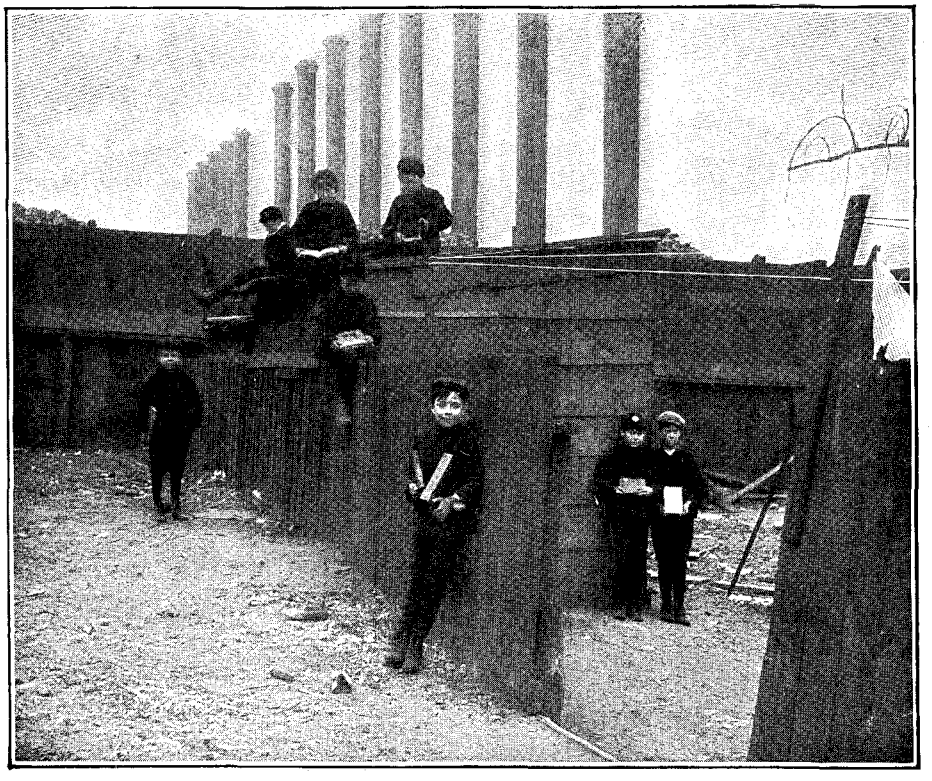
A wholesome sermon might be preached with this reason as a text.

It appears that the librarian is trying to adopt every agreeable subterfuge to guide the children in a proper course of reading. What do the story hour and the bulletin practice indicate but that they are two means of reaching the individual? Yet lists are lists, and have only a passive appeal, while the story hour necessitates the "group" element. The librarian claims truthfully that the teacher has more opportunity to reach the child individually, to direct juvenile taste. The home, insensible to the poor figure it occupies in the discussion, says nothing. And as for the public school, it should only be required to give the essentials of a useful education; it has scarcely sufficient time to do that.

The library, however, can hardly safeguard its own efficiency by any indirect supervision of a child's selection from the shelves. The crux of the matter rests in the initial gathering together of the very best books for circulation, from which the choice of the boy or girl is to be made. Thereafter, the policy of exclusion in the purchase of books is the best protection against the over-productivity of present-day juvenile literature. The means by which a child is attracted to the best stories comprise that phase of library work in which the librarian may show originality and critical discrimination. She is confronted with the task of arranging books for the open-shelf system where children are allowed to browse at will. She knows that the slightest external appeal, such as the title of a story, will influence the child. Ibsen's "A Doll's House" has been in demand, because it *sounds* interesting! Sometimes when requests for Alger, for the "Pansy" or the "Elsie" stories, and for books of like character are made, to the exclusion of more desirable fiction, they are withheld from circulation. But it is my general impression that at the present time the choice of



THE COMPROMISE ALLEY READING CLUB

This shack is used as a Boys' Reading Club in Compromise Alley, Pittsburg, Pa. The club is under the supervision of the Carnegie Institute Training School of Children's Librarians

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AN AFTERNOON IN THE CHILDREN'S ROOM OF THE CHATHAM SQUARE BRANCH OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

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books for the public libraries is carried on in a very superficial manner. A committee appointed to judge of children's books will always be open to stern criticism, and because of that it should be very catholic in its composition, and not too stern in its judgments. For there are a multiplicity of tastes to be satisfied. Yet the only true way to obtain efficiency, the only secure method, the only cultural value, rest in a determined exclusion. There are many "edited" classics that cumber our shelves, many editions smacking of the school-room habit, which it were well to discard.

The librarian can hardly be expected to talk with every child who draws out a book. Time alone would prohibit such a policy, where crowds come after school hours or on Saturdays. How, then, can she keep a gauge of the general character of reading done by each individual? The method adopted by the Pratt Institute is an excellent one, but could be modified with improvement, even though the change might cost some additional time at the expense of the librarian. The book number is placed upon the child's library card, as well as the date upon which the book is drawn. But these numbers are significant only to the librarian who is familiar with the catalogue notation; another step should be taken. The title of the book, even in abbreviated form, should be recorded instead of the book number, and at the expiration of each month the signature of the parent or guardian should be required, as an indication that the home has at least been given an opportunity of noting what the child is reading. Without such signature the card should become void, unless the regulations are complied with. Not that it is well to have the child feel the rigor of system too apparently, but it certainly is wise to count the parent as a factor in the work.

As regards the form of the library card, there should be some change. In New York it is the same as that of the adults. There is the arbitrary distinction made between fiction and non-fiction, which a young reader is scarcely able to understand; and, furthermore, this distinction has a paralyzing effect upon juvenile taste, which confounds literature with dullness and the classics with the school-room.

There is an innate critical discrimination given to those simple juvenile natures whose response is based upon no canon of art; yet it would seem that the special mission of the library should be to place the child at once within reach of the very best, instead of subjecting him to the difficult task of finding the very best for himself. The child is quick to say what he does not like; as Mr. Charles Welsh has declared, his discrimination from generation to generation has always indicated where the classics are to be found; he has, by his unwavering loyalty, stamped certain books as eternally vital in their appeal. Yet the text book habit is largely responsible for a danger which at present besets us. It is editing, twisting, turning, simplifying, for fear that stories which have been understood through the ages will not be understood by childhood in the years to come. And so the library has a special task: to chip off the edges of a graded school system; to afford the child an opportunity of developing his individual taste; and, should teaching become necessary, to do so in a broadly human way.

A book has recently been published entitled "Finger-posts to Children's Reading," and its author, Walter Taylor Field, regards the subject in sections; he attempts to reconcile the educational theory with the good old love of reading for its own sake; he tries to define books for the home, books for the school, books for the library, and books for the Sunday-school. But he does not persuade us that it is not far better to do away with such hard—not to say artificial—classification. In making lists and guides, the principle which is safest to follow is to adopt a clear distinction between good and bad; then a further distinction between good and best. The policy of exclusion is always the safest.

No one can deny that the ideal condition would be for every child to own an individual collection of books; perhaps this was more generally an ambition when the home was counted as a chief feature of city life. It is now to be wondered whether the library, with its public

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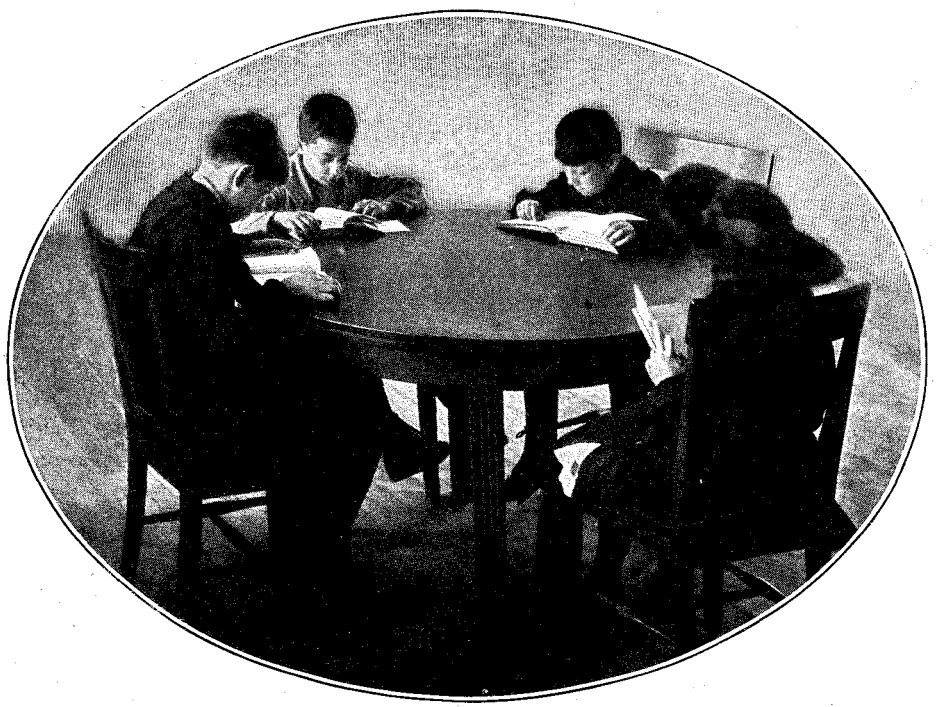
benefit, has not, however, contributed to increase an indifference among those boys and girls who could well afford to have their own book-shelves. It is to children of humble station that the library offers a vast intellectual opportunity. Still, if we stop to think, we shall find that to it is due a general neglect on the part of well-to-do people, who have eagerly, and selfishly, turned their children's reading over to the public care. They would resent a house-to-house visitation or any settlement guidance; yet, hard to say, though the fact is none the less true, these parents have willingly thrust upon the library, as their civic right, this supervision, and have thus shirked a large part of the responsibility for their children's taste—a taste which should be developed at home.



ABSORBED READERS

At the Hamilton Grange Branch of the New York Public Library at 145th Street

As a social factor, therefore, the library finds itself closely allied with the school, the settlement, and the home. It is a generous and a tempting field. In large cities, where there are so many branch buildings, the work would have much more telling results could the districts be marked off, as in the old parish system, and the librarian be told to exert her influence among the children of her special locality. By forming reading clubs, by giving afternoon talks, by a certain contact with the homes of these young readers, the districts would somehow come to have a unified meaning for the librarian. The parish system would not develop a provincial rivalry; it would simply serve to intensify the meaning of the library as a cultural force in a neighborhood.

The social settlements, if they are to exist distinctively, must not expect the library to assume the whole responsibility; there should be co-operation here, as in the home. The mechanism of the mere institution should not hide the full force of its human scope.

The cultural phase of library work for grown people as well as for children has largely been lost sight of. In our schools we spend long, unnecessary hours on the study of one poem; the "Wreck of the Hesperus" fever rages

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throughout the United States. Though there is a storehouse of treasures from which to choose, we accept the commonplace, because a committee—one-sided in its view—has indicated that children between such and such years respond to such and such selections. The library's crusade must be against the school-book habit.

There was sent to me a while ago one list of juvenile books marked with some significance—a parent's shopping guide. It indicates how eager the library is to include the home in its working plan. A parent's ignorance of the subject of juvenile literature is at no time better exhibited than when he or she purchases a story book. How many parents arrange for a child's vacation reading, or even give it a thought?

A distinct change can be detected in children's literature from year to year; for instance, a sharper line was once drawn between books for girls and books for boys; and the gradual approach of the two has been due to a common interest in outdoor exercise. The benignant figure of Santa Claus has almost entirely disappeared from Yuletide fiction. The sale of Mother Goose has been materially affected by the glaring popularity of Foxy Grandpa and Buster Brown.

A STORY HOUR GROUP

In the museum corner of the Children's Room in the Webster Branch of the New York Public Library

The librarian has to sift all this material; has to select from the sameness, the colorless abundance, of juvenile fiction. A mild passiveness pervades the yearly output, and the parent remains ignorant of even the wheat that might be separated from the chaff. Should not the home be made to feel some of this responsibility?

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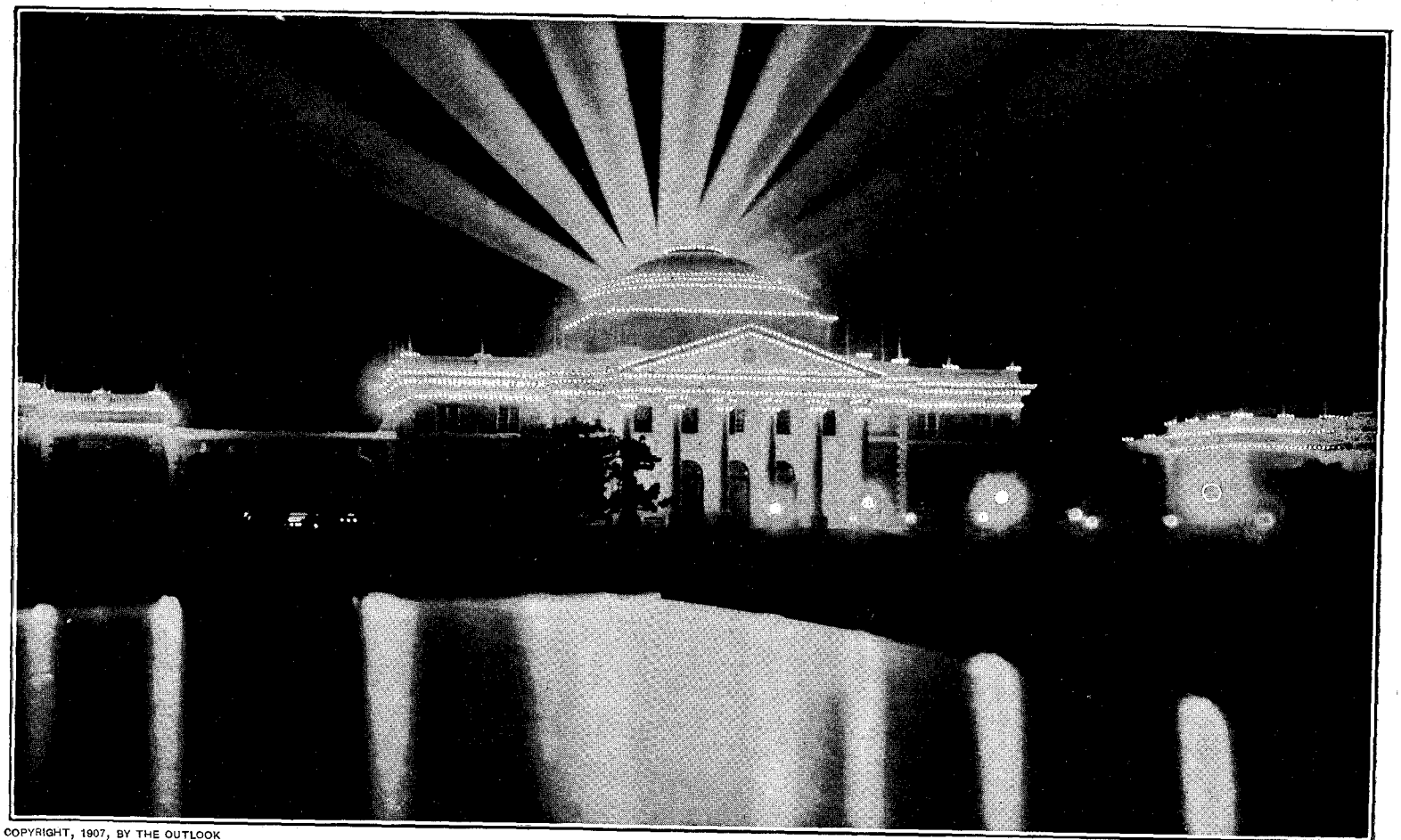

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THE AUDITORIUM AND LAGOON AT NIGHT

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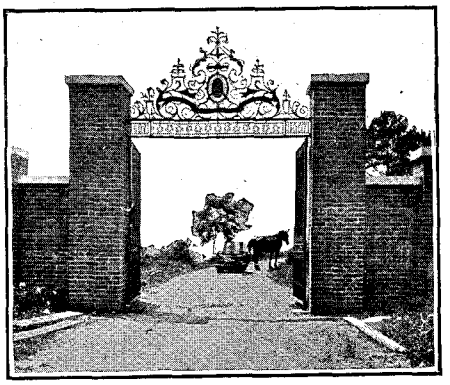
PICTURESQUE ASPECTS OF THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



MEMORIAL GATE AT JAMESTOWN ISLAND

THE Jamestown Exposition of 1907 is, with good reason when its purpose is considered, an American Exposition and not a World's Fair. Visitors who keep this fact in mind will not be disappointed in it. They should not go to the Exposition with the expectation of seeing an exhibition comparable in its entirety with the great fairs at St. Louis in 1904, at Paris in 1900, with the beautiful White City at Chicago in 1893, or even with that first of the big exhibitions in the United States, the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876. These were all international affairs, so to speak, and were planned on a lavish scale of expenditure by foreign governments and individuals as well as by those of the originating countries. The Jamestown Exposition does not rival them. It is American and indeed to some extent almost sectional in its origin, purpose, and appeal.

And yet in some respects it is more interesting than any of the exhibitions mentioned. It has perhaps a grander setting than any of them. Hardly anywhere in the world is there a more magnificent harbor than Hampton Roads. Deep, commodious, safely landlocked, with shores lined with pleasant summer resorts and busy ship-building towns, with here a strip of peaceful woodland and there a frowning fort, its ample surface dotted with fishing boats, racing yachts, tugs, ferryboats, ocean-going steamers, and the war vessels of many nations, it presents an inspiring sight. "The navies of the world," in the familiar phrase, could ride at anchor here. And many of them, or representatives of them, are or have been here during the Exposition. No other commemorative fair has had such opportunities for picturesque naval celebration. And not only has the Jamestown Exposition this splendid natural setting, but the historic background presented by these waters is of absorbing interest to every American, and indeed to every intelligent traveler. For here was fought the battle whose shot was heard round the world as truly as was that at Lexington. Here disappeared the wooden walls of the old navies that from Salamis to Trafalgar filled the annals of history with stirring pages, and here began the era of the metal war-ships which to-day cover all seas. Somewhere beneath these deep waters lie the bones of the wooden battle-ships destroyed by the Merrimac at the beginning of her eventful career in 1862, and here the Merrimac herself ended her fighting career after meeting the little Monitor in the historic combat that led to a revolution in naval architecture. The visitor may see in the harbor, in the little Canonicus anchored there, a duplicate of the original Monitor that was so patly described by her opponents as "a Yankee cheese-box on a raft;" a little farther on he may see in the Miantonomoh the later development of the monitor class of war vessels, and elsewhere he may see and study the various modern examples of the art of naval ship-building as practiced by all nations. Furthermore, he may see in the Exposition

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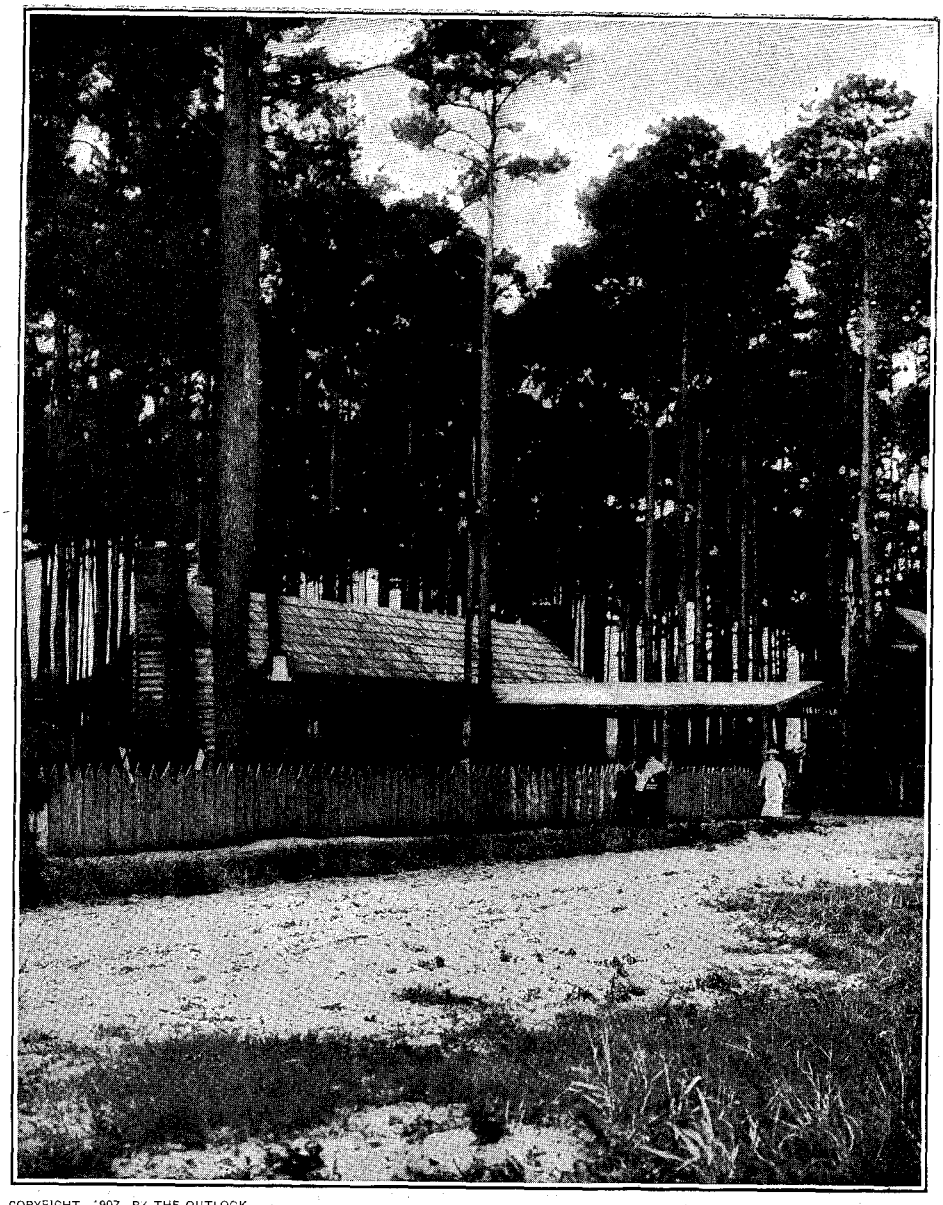

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THE KENTUCKY STATE BUILDING

Built of logs and modeled after Fort Boone

grounds a most vivid moving representation of this great naval fight, with realistic maneuvering of vessels, firing of guns, sinking and burning of ships, etc. A recruiting station of the navy ought to be here to take advantage of the enthusiasm awakened in youthful breasts by the battle-ships and the battle shows. If there are any boys left of the sort that used to "run away to sea," I should almost be afraid to take them to the Exposition.

The location of the Exposition on a point in this great harbor, while having these splendid advantages, has also its drawbacks. Access to the grounds is not as easy as it should be to insure an adequate attendance. The great Government piers, which were to be a principal architectural feature, had not been

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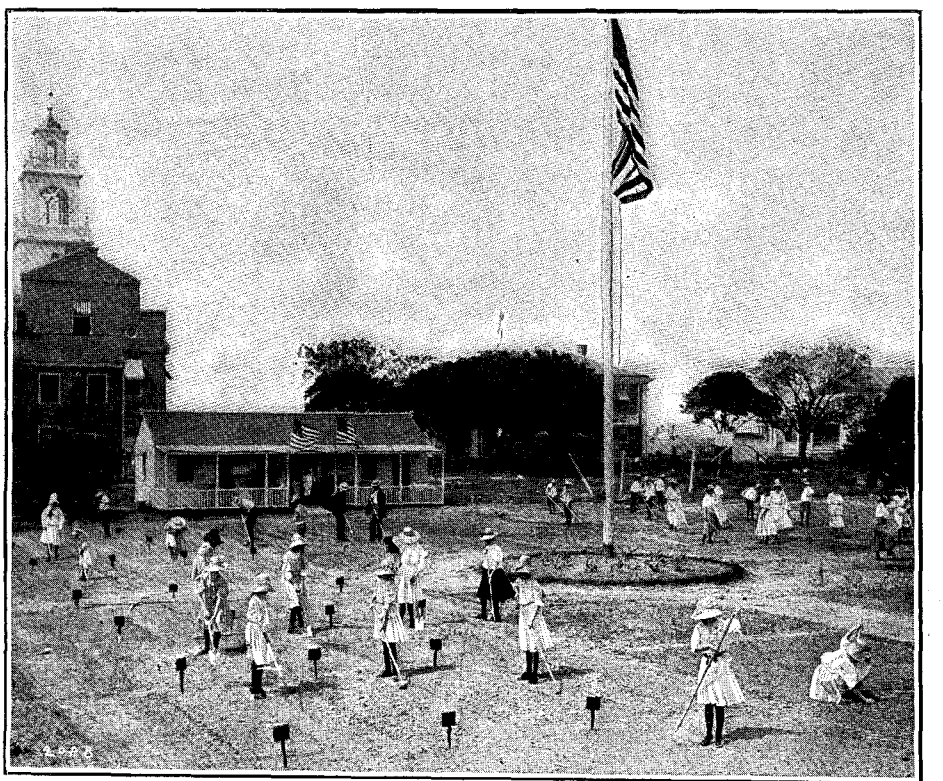
completed when I made my visit in July. Ferry and steamer accommodations are limited. Passengers by trolley must come a distance of several miles to get to the grounds. I heard many complaints as to the impossibility of getting staterooms on steamers from New York and Washington by travelers who were not forehanded, and as to the discomforts of trolley and ferry travel. A certain amount of discomfort is to be expected at an Exposition, or even in ordinary travel, but Exposition officials ought to be prescient enough to discount these things to some extent by providing against them in advance. Every dissatisfied Exposition visitor acts as an automatic danger signal to warn away his friends and so hinder the success of the enterprise. The promoters of the Exposition should do all they can to make comfort and satisfaction as widespread as possible. Doubtless they are doing so. They have, on the whole, done a great work well; but quick and convenient transportation is vital to the success of an exposition. Probably in September and October, which will be the pleasantest months for a visit to the Exposition, plans of all sorts will have matured and the Exposition will be seen at its best.

I said that the appeal of the Exposition is to some degree sectional. This is unavoidable. Jamestown is in a Southern State, and climatic, geographical, and other considerations make it inevitable that a majority of the visitors should be from the South. But the North also ought to be interested. Northern people have heard so much of Plymouth Rock and the Pilgrims that they have been in danger of forgetting the earlier pilgrims of the South; and they need to be reminded of the fact that Captain John Smith is as good a hero as Captain Miles Standish, and the story of Pocahontas and John Rolfe as romantic as that of Priscilla and John Alden. But the fact that Southern vis-



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THE CHILDREN'S SCHOOL FARM

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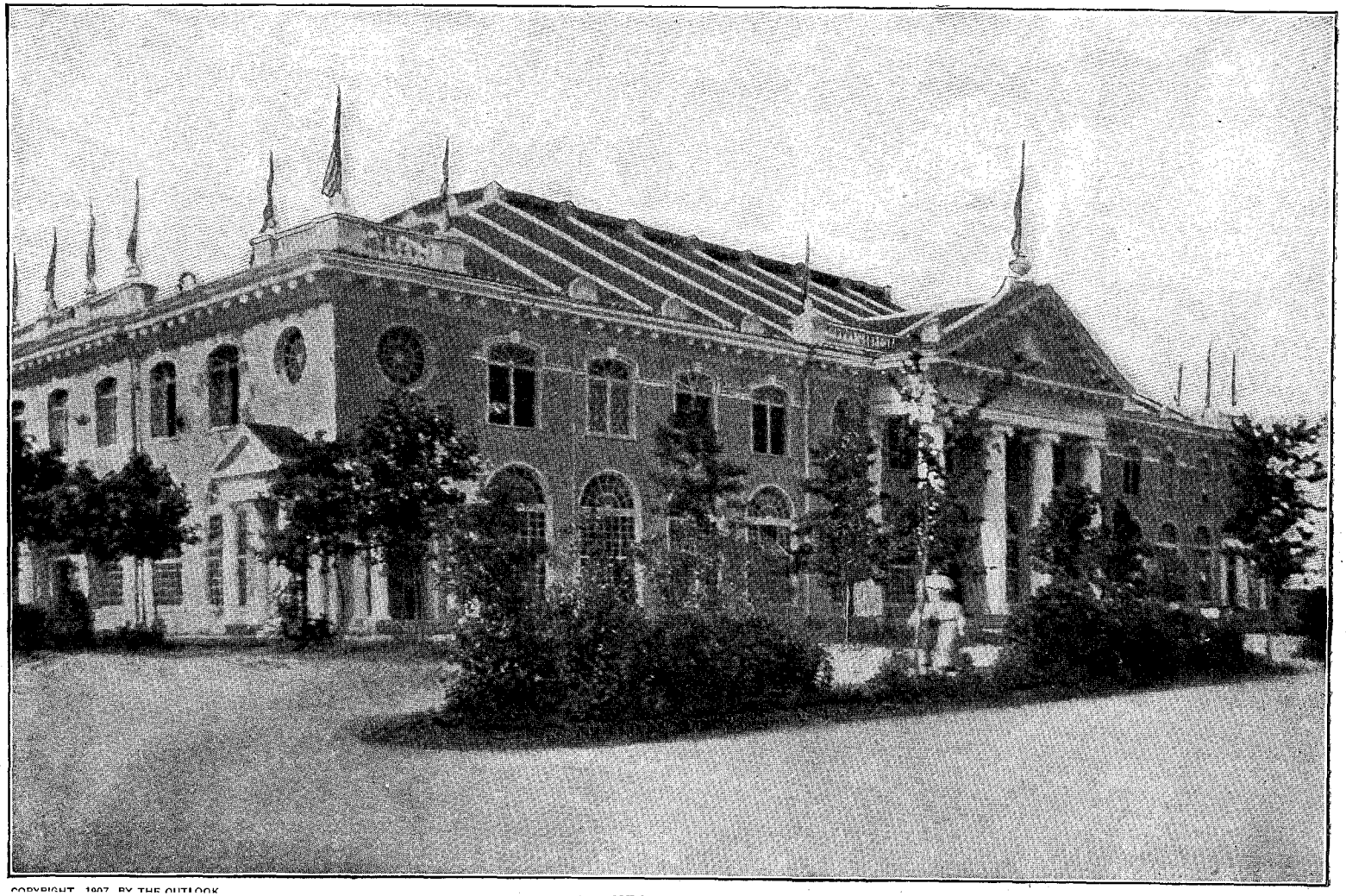

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itors are predominant at the Exposition lends to it one of its picturesque aspects. One hears the pleasant Southern accent everywhere. Call it a drawl if you will, there is yet something soft and tender about it that suggests a kindly home life and the love of little children. "Honey" is a word that comes naturally to these Southern mothers' lips when speaking to their babies. The Southern character of the Exposition strikes the visitor at a glance when he enters the War-Path—the part of the grounds devoted to amusing shows, like the Midway Plaisance of Chicago—and sees two immense portraits of Generals Longstreet and Stonewall Jackson in front of one of the cycloramic exhibitions. It is to be noted, also, in the name of the Lee parade ground; in the house of the Daughters of the Confederacy, which is a representation of the home of Jefferson Davis in Mississippi, "Beauvoir," and in which the "Stars and Bars" are a prominent decorative feature; in the restaurants which make a specialty of Southern dishes, and in the deliberation with which the people move and business is carried on.

This Southern atmosphere was given as an explanation of the slim attendance by some concessionnaires with whom I talked. "The South is still poor," remarked one of these men. "The wages here are not as large as they are in the North; and a man who makes a dollar or two a day doesn't spend it as freely as the man who makes four or five. It costs something to get to the Exposition; and many people come here who think that fifty cents is a large price to pay for admission to the grounds, and they are slow to spend any more." I had an amusing experience confirmatory of this observation. I was walking along the War-Path near a building in front of which was a cage containing a spotted hyena as an advertisement of the wonders within. A tall, gaunt visitor accosted me: "Say, Mister, does it cost anything extra to go in and see them animals?" I was obliged, reluctantly, to say that it did, and the backwoodsman passed mournfully on. I might have directed him to a show of the most exciting character, however, which takes place every afternoon and is absolutely free—namely, the exhibition of the Life Saving Corps. A large boat with a crew of eight or ten men is sent out and incontinently upset, with all on board. It remains bottom side up for nearly a minute, when one man comes to the surface and calls for help. His mates seem to be stuck in the mud underneath the boat. When the spectators are sufficiently alarmed, the lifeboat suddenly rights itself and the men are discovered safely stowed away in the bottom of the boat, which is pulled ashore by the dripping crew amid the cheers of the crowd. An exhibition showing how a line is fired over a wreck and the crew saved by the use of the breeches-buoy follows. These, like all the Government exhibitions, are attractive and well managed.

Another question of similar character to the one above quoted was asked by two sturdy-looking farmer boys near the main entrance, a question significant of the way in which the fame of a really "good show" travels: "Do you know where we can find that trained horse?" I was glad to be able to direct them to the one thing they most wanted to see, as I had already seen Trixie, the equine wonder, and been puzzled as to her remarkable performances.

In the evenings the main exhibition and educational buildings are, unfortunately, closed, and the crowds must be content with the amusements of the War-Path, or with viewing the general illumination of the buildings, which present a beautiful spectacle by night. I found a frequent disposition on the part of visitors who had seen something of the North to compare these phases of the Exposition with Coney Island. A young Georgian hit it off rather amusingly. "I spent one morning at the Exposition," he said; "then I went to New Yo'k and spent four days at Coney Island. Yes, sir, I had the time of my life there. My! but that loop-the-loop was great!" Perhaps it was the enthusiasm of the crowds at Coney Island that carried away this young man; for there are many shows on the War-Path, and some of them are exceptionally good.

One of the most original and encouraging features of the Exposition is to be

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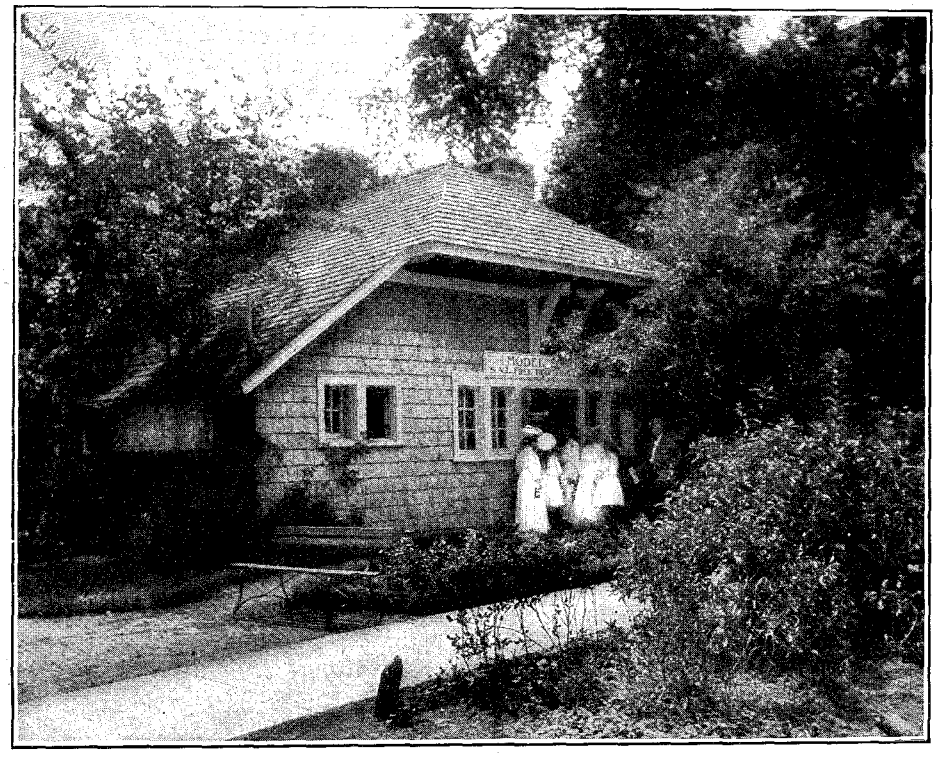
found in its Negro Building. This large and fine structure was designed and built by negroes, the exhibits are those of negro schools and individuals, and its executive and clerical force is composed of colored men and women. A series of tableaux by a colored woman represents the progress of the negro race from slavery to enlightenment. There is a department of books by negro authors, which includes Washington's "Up from Slavery," Du Bois's "The Soul of Black Folk," Sinclair's "The Aftermath of Slavery," Chesnut's "The Wife of His Youth," and in response to a question as to other negro authors the intelligent attendant reminded me that Dumas, the French novelist, and Pushkin, Russia's greatest poet, were of African descent.

Exhibits of Hampton, Tuskegee, and Wilberforce Colleges were of special interest; and among noteworthy individual exhibits was that of a negro woman artist formerly employed by a Pittsburg millionaire as a house servant, who had copied her employer's plaques on broken dishes in the kitchen until she finally became an accomplished china painter and painted vases for his parlor. Another was the work of a colored man who has made a representation of various agricultural products in huge mosaics composed of kernels of Indian corn. I left this building with renewed faith in the good time coming for all mankind. It is one of the fine traits of the negro race that it is cheerful and optimistic even in the face of discouragements, and exhibitors in other departments of the Exposition might well visit the Negro Building for a cheering-up hour.



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THE TRAVELING LIBRARY EXHIBIT

Another optimistic exhibit was found in the Children's School Farm. This work is under the management of a New York society—the International Children's School Farm League, of which Mrs. Henry Parsons is the President. At the time I visited it the work was in practical charge of two enthusiastic Southern young women, whose pupils

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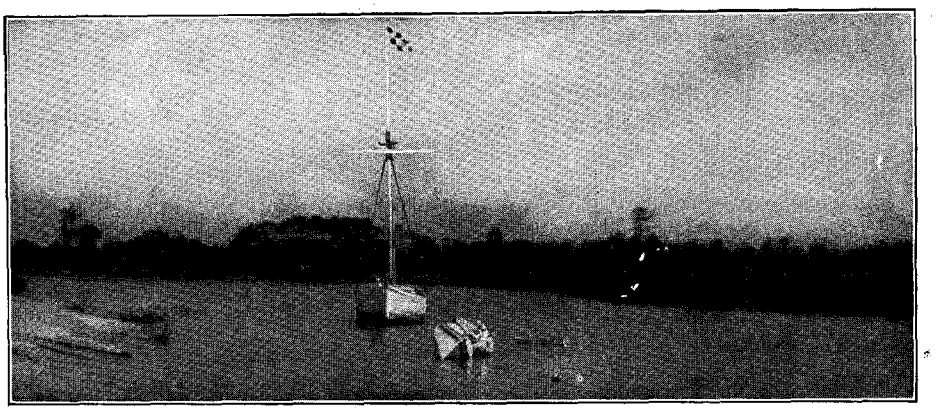

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THE LIFE SAVING EXHIBITION

The lifeboat is being overturned with all on board

were gathered from Norfolk and Newport News schools. These children receive free admission to the Exposition grounds, and they devote two hours a day, twice a week, to cultivating their plots of beets, radishes, potatoes, hemp, flax, etc., then give an hour to housework, sewing, caring for tools, etc., and then from time to time visit the other exhibits with caretakers. Boys and girls share both the agricultural and the house work, and it was delightful to witness the girls' interest in the digging and hoeing, and the boys' enthusiasm in volunteering to do the washing and ironing. While one of the teachers was carefully explaining to the writer some of the peculiarities of the work, a little boy, almost too eager to be polite, interrupted her with, "Please, Miss King, I can't find anything more to iron!" Whether these boys and girls grow up to be farmers and farmers' wives or not, they will, I am sure, make more considerate husbands and wives through their knowledge of each other's work.

The military and naval features of the Jamestown Exposition are somewhat more prominent, and the art and agricultural features somewhat less so, than in other expositions. But let not the visitor think that all he has to do is to view parades and naval pageants from a comfortable seat on a grand stand or on a steamboat. One can get as tired walking about the four hundred acres of

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ON THE WAR-PATH

One of the spectacular shows characteristic of this part of the Exposition

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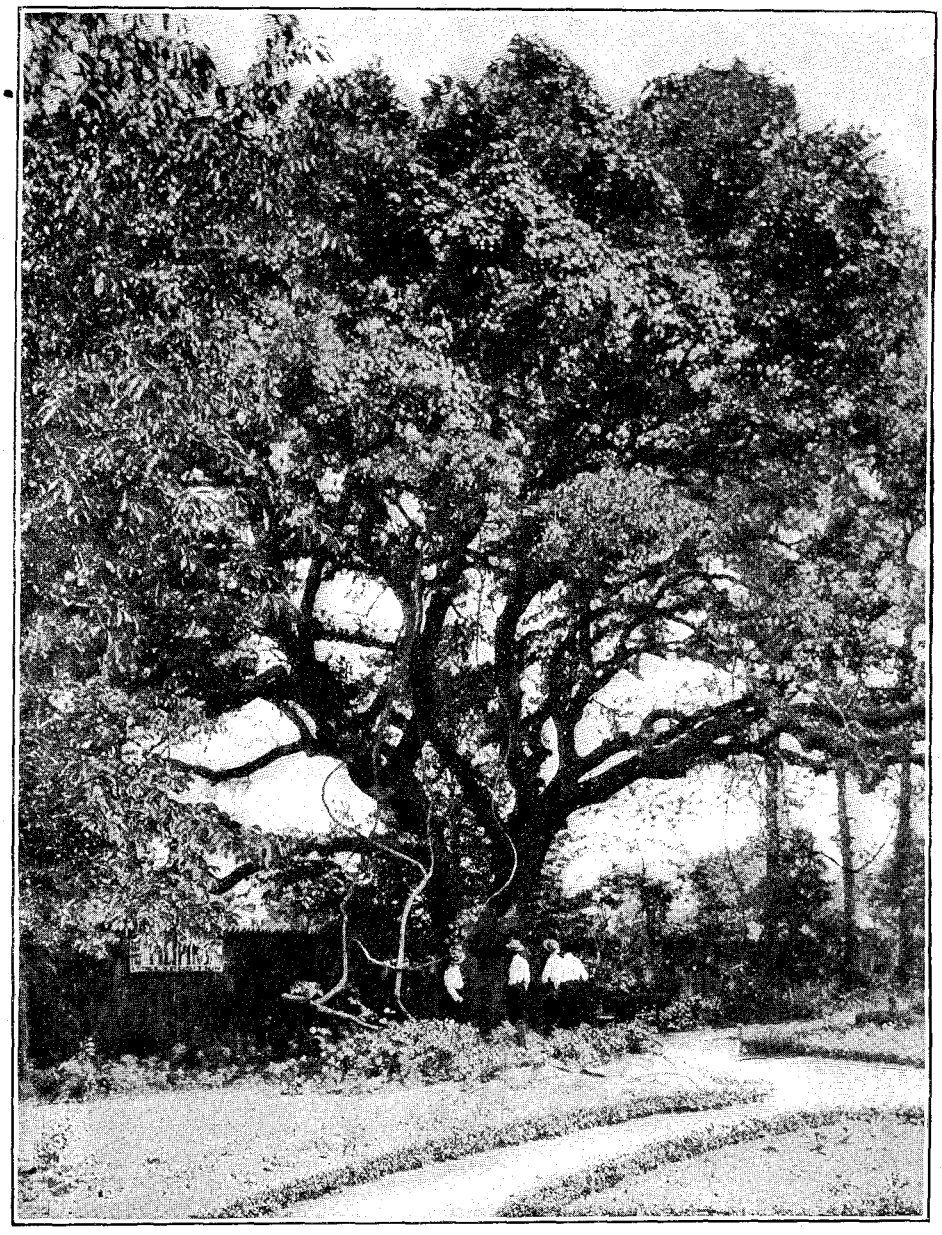
grounds and in the one hundred buildings of the Jamestown Exposition as at any World's Fair. The problem of inside transportation has not been solved at any of the Fairs. The intramural railways seldom take one where he wants to go. The movable sidewalk at Paris was a failure. Rolling-chairs are too suggestive of invalidism and too high-priced. So one walks about interminably and soon presents the dragged-out appearance so characteristic of exposition visitors. At the Jamestown Exposition, however, one could rest after work by taking a day's excursion that every visitor ought to take to make his memories



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THE POWHATAN OAK

This tree may have been seen by Captain John Smith when he sailed up the James River; it was then a sturdy young tree; its present age is calculated at 355 years

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complete—namely, that to Jamestown Island, the original home of the Jamestown settlement. A delicious breeze fanned sun-scorched faces the day I went; the steamboat was not overcrowded; the ice-water tank was commodious (it contained enough for two races, one faucet being marked "White," one "Colored"); we sailed over the historic waters of Hampton Roads and then up the broad and placid James River, finding it almost as splendid in magnitude as the St. Lawrence, its width being nearly ten miles at one point. Jamestown Island, where Smith and his party landed, is perhaps not as attractive as some places nearer the sea, but was probably selected by the astute commander because of its availability for defense against the natives. At present it is conspicuous by reason of the glistening white embankment which has been built by the Government to keep the island from being washed away by the river, and the monument (unfinished) which is to form a memorial of the first English settlement. The chief change in the island which has been wrought of late years is the rebuilding of the Jamestown church, the ruined tower of which has been left standing as it was, forming now an entrance to the church. I hate to see restorations, though they are sometimes necessary, and it was with something of a shock that I saw how the old tombstones had been scraped clean, braced up, and fenced in. The famous one bearing the inscription about that modest Mr. Sherwood who denominated himself "a Great Sinner but waiting a joyfull Resurrection" remains to cheer the heart of the epitaph hunter, though its lettering has been newly cut. Credit is due to the Society for the Preservation of Virginian Antiquities for its work in maintaining these memorials of the past, and Jamestown Island now promises to be for centuries to come a worthy shrine for those who would pay respect to the early English settlers of the New World and their intrepid leader. This rehabilitation of Jamestown Island will probably be the most permanent result of the movement for the tercentenary celebration of the Jamestown settlement; and both this and the Exposition itself have surely been well worth while, whatever the financial outcome of the latter.

At every exposition there are complaints of extortion. But high prices seem to be inevitable at these exhibitions, where every foot of space is paid for at a high rental by those who have goods to sell. In the four great expositions that I have attended high prices for food and lodging and poor service at hotels and restaurants have been the rule. Jamestown is no exception, though a little search will enable a visitor to find accommodations and board at very reasonable prices. An adventurous class of help is always attracted to these great fairs. Waiters are hard worked and become indifferent unless a liberal tip is in sight. An example of the kind of service that one may find at some of the restaurants may be described, though this case was certainly exceptional. The writer, having acquired the New England habit, asked the waitress what kind of pie was to be had. "All kinds." "Well, then, bring me a piece of huckleberry pie." "How about apple?" was the response. "If you have all kinds, you must have huckleberry." "I do' know. How about peach?" "No; see if you can't get huckleberry." Reluctantly accepting the commission, the young woman returned with something that evidently was not the coveted pastry, and was so informed. "Aw, you know it's huckleberry," was the smiling and reassuring reply. Taking a sample, it was found to be blackberry. When this information was imparted to the airy young woman, it was met with the ready rejoinder: "Ain't that a shame! They told me it was huckleberry; see how they impose on a girl just because they know how to cook!" The incident ended with an overcharge for the meal, which was cheerfully acquiesced in and given as a tip after the mistake had been pointed out and unblushingly acknowledged.

The writer asked several visitors what feature of the Exposition they would remember longest. One reply was significant as showing that some people are quick to recognize anything relating te the real hero of the Exposition amid the multiplicity of its details. "The thing

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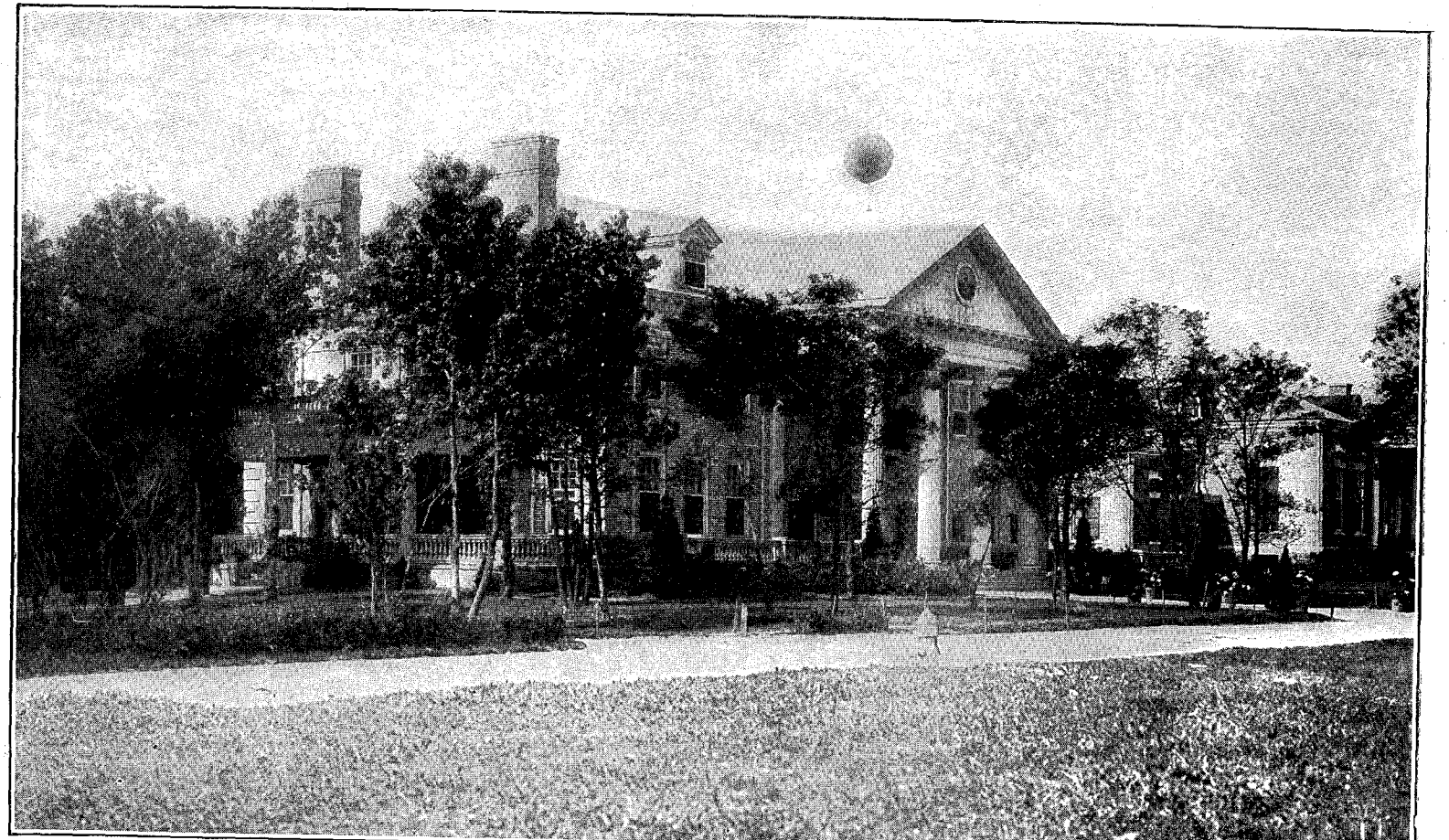

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THE VIRGINIA STATE BUILDING

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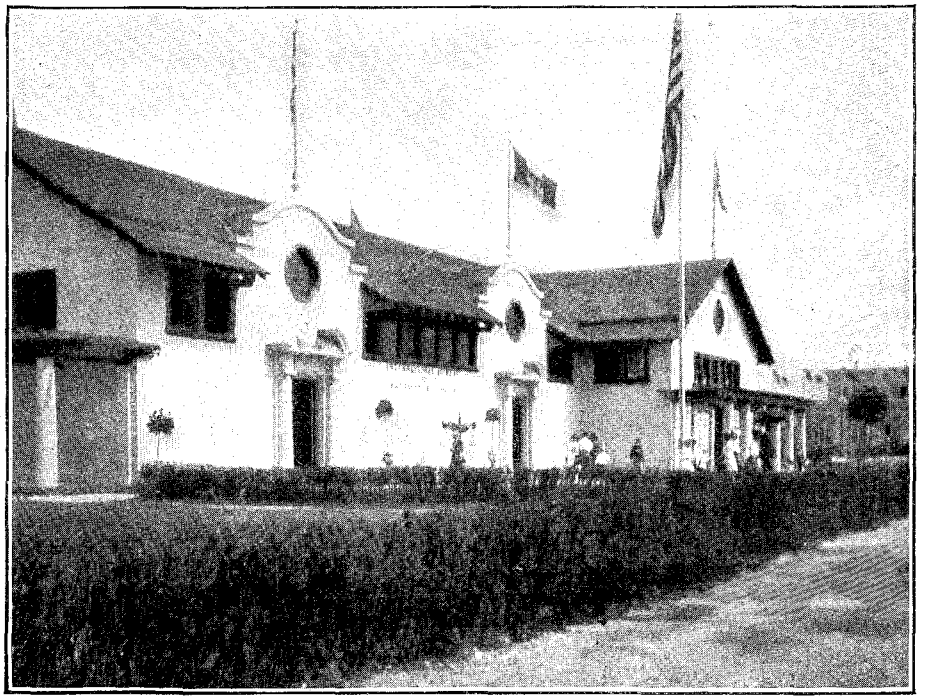
that I will remember longest," said this man, "is that life-size group in the Smithsonian Building that shows John Smith in his old cockboat trading with the Indians. He is giving them beads or something, and getting baskets of corn in exchange. And an Indian woman on the other side of the boat is handing one of the Englishmen something worse than a lemon. He is making a face over it, and his mates are laughing at him. It is labeled 'The Englishm an's First Persimmon.'"

An exposition crowd is as a general thing rather solemn, and anything in the way of a joke goes well with it. This gives the "barker" his opportunity, and he takes full advantage of it at Jamestown. I can hear now in imagination, all too plainly, that Filipino shouter, with his ten-foot megaphone, calling: "Fil-i-pi-nos! Do you hear me? Step this way!" I always stepped the other way as quickly as possible—only to run up against some other megaphonic announcement, such as, "Here is the original Fatima. Direct from Paris—Kentucky! The best show on the grounds." Or, "Here is where you eat! Don't go away hungry while you have a nickel." Or, "Yes, this is the place. Here is where you go! Go—go—to——." But I drew the line at going through Hell Gate, though this seemed to be one of the most popular amusements on the War Path.



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BUILDING OF THE BUREAU OF AMERICAN REPUBLICS

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PASTOR WAGNER IN PARIS

HIS NEW CHURCH AND ITS SIMPLE LIFE

BY GRACE KING

IN 1903 Pastor Wagner appeared first to the eyes of the Parisians. It is true he had been working for twelve years in his missionary post at the Place de la Bastille, but nothing in Paris, it may be said, is more ignored that Protestant missionary work. In 1903 Wagner published his book, "Jeunesse" (Youth), and then he began to be seen. A book commands more attention than a Protestant preacher in Paris; in fact, a book always commands attention here when the individual man or woman so seldom does. "Youth," indeed, once read, was a book that could not be forgotten, that would not lie quiet in the mind; it forced itself to be talked about. What! here in Paris, the city of the idealization of the pleasures and gratifications of youth, where youth merely as youth is licensed to enjoyment by tacit consent of art, literature, and life itself, where everything is forgiven to the young (to parody the Scriptures fearfully), if he or she has loved much! For such a book as "Youth" to appear in Paris was as strange, as inconsequential, an anomaly as literature has ever produced; and yet in no place, perhaps, in the modern world has the cry so often gone up to heaven in despair over the sins, the crimes, of youth.

Wagner, the strong, virile young Alsatian writer, jumped, as it were, into the arena of the hungering, thirsting, and consuming passions of youth, and with a war-cry called to mind the strength, the virtue, the force of youth; the duty, the honor, the sanctity of youth. It was a cry that all women heard and listened to, that all men respected; that a few, a very few, responded to, and those few among the poor, the lowly, the rough, the workers for life. Pastor Wagner has preached his first book's doctrines steadily, year in and year out, to the young, year after year battling away at barrier after barrier of the sophism and custom that the Latin races have raised up between themselves and life. All of his books, all of his sermons, published since "Youth" have been the fruit from the one seed—appeal to the youth to save France through themselves; to become strong and good, if they wished that France should also be strong and good.

His new church, "the Home of the Soul," as he calls it, is the result of his work for the young and their response to him. The clear and simple declaration of principles which he has adopted as its creed is the result of twenty-five years' experience of the theological needs of the young and of minds hungry for the bread of religion, to whom have been given the symbolism and mysteries of a church:

"Resolved to preserve amongst us the force which a living religion gives, we have associated ourselves together to cultivate an ideal of life conformable to the practical needs and to the mentality of the time.

"We would not let anything be lost of the treasures of the past, nor neglect any of the new acquisitions. Persuaded that in the Spirit of Christ are found garnered the purest lights and most salutary powers of the soul, we consider it the one base on which a society can be built. We make it the corner-stone of our association. We call unto us all who are willing to try to live in this spirit, and we greet them as brothers, whatever be the difference in our doctrines.

"Leaving to each the freedom of his faith, and to God alone the judging of hearts, we respect and encourage individual convictions as the best guarantees of progress in the truth, and we ask for unity, not to a uniform creed, but to the free consent of all good will directed toward the same end."

The "Home" is in the same old quarter, that of the Bastille, the "tough" center of Paris; and the 7 bis Rue Daval is, if anything, a little worse-looking than the old location in the Rue des Arque-

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busiers. In time, and as money is collected, the old house will be demolished and its space filled with a fine dispensary for the sick, and a meeting-hall for the various societies of the congregation—Young Men, Young Women, Old Communicants, Mutual Aid; for lectures and the Thursday school. There will be also an installation for practical housekeeping and domestic teaching, directed by the ladies of the congregation, and an apartment for one of the pastors. The hall is plain and simple, and but for the good architectural taste would be like a place of worship in any Puritan center in the United States. It is well heated and splendidly lighted from a glass roof that is agreeably tinted and handsomely arched. It has four times the capacity of the old salle, and it has an organ—a good one, given by a friend of the cause. These things are easily described and dismissed, but the congregation that crowd the hall, the singing that the organ accompanies, they cannot be summarily dealt with; they excite thoughts that refuse to be held long enough for the pen to fix them—thoughts that mount and soar and dart hither and thither in all directions at once through history and politics, through tradition, through one's religious convictions. What immense significance—to catch at but one of these thoughts—lies in the fact that this new temple of Protestant expression should open just now at this troubled moment of France's existence, when Church and State are at a "pull Dick, pull devil" sort of contest; when, in the wrangling and disputations over the outside of the platter, the inside is being spilled and wasted; when the young hoodlums of Paris yclept "Apaches" are a terror by night and a defiance of the police by day; when a "Vierge d'Avila" is produced by a Bernhardt on the stage with plaudits from the public; when high literature and art are more than ever given over to excesses that make the discrimination against street literature as pornographic a one-sided and partial application of law.

The Dean of the Protestant faculty of Paris, M. Philippe Jalabert, opened the installation ceremonies by recounting in a simple, patriarchal way the past history of the mission at the Bastille, and told how Pastor Wagner had been sent there by the Liberal Protestant Church of Paris. The beautiful face and the venerable figure of M. Jalabert were so striking that in looking at him one almost forgot to listen to him; and his simple, kindly words well became his appearance, which expressed, if ever looks expressed it, the Christianity that is pure and undefiled.

"What," he asked, "can we hope from the future? . . . We may hope with confidence that the work commenced twenty-five years ago, and pursued with so much ardor and perseverance, will go on growing; that more than ever religious fervor will replace little by little adhesion to confessions, to dogmatic faith, and that the teaching of Jesus, ever better understood, will thus penetrate all souls and bear fruit of light and love." He concluded with the solemn word: "God grant us grace to be the faithful spreaders of the Gospel, wherein we see the salvation of France."

M. Roberty, of the Church of the Oratoire, spoke with joyous gratitude, as he said, only a few words about Pastor Wagner and his work; emotion and enthusiasm broke his sentences, but hindered not what he wished to say, for his emotion and enthusiasm communicated themselves to the audience, and enforced the sentences of his musical oratory. "I come," he said, "in the name of the Church of the Oratoire, to bring to the brothers and sisters of your church the homage of our sincere friendship. . . . Our two churches have a common ideal; namely, the fraternal and active communion of the faithful in sight of the kingdom of God, by means of individual communion and free access to Him who is the way, the truth, and the life; and if our two associations have distinctive traits, in virtue of their history, their past, and even of their organization and of their statutes—which to my mind are to be necessarily preserved, for they justify our right to individual existence—there are, on the other hand, so many ties between the two churches, so many exchanges of service, so large a number of families belonging at the same time to the Oratoire and to your church, that

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on many Sundays in the past years we might well ask ourselves whether the Oratoire were not on the Boulevard Beaumarchais and the Boulevard Beaumarchais on the Rue de Rivoli. Ah! that little room on the Boulevard Beaumarchais! I love to evoke its memory on this day, in which it is replaced by this spacious, comfortable, and attractive edifice, which has as yet no history, for to-day is its first day of life.

"It was in that modest temple that fifteen years ago I first heard the words of your pastor. It was there, permit me to recall the memory, that, fleeing the disputes in the church and the heavy atmosphere of the world, I went to seek peace and comfort; and neither I nor any of mine ever left that place without having found all the blessings we had come to seek."

We know the cost of a work only when we have accomplished it, the length of a journey only when we have reached its end; and generally we are too tired to rejoice when the time of rejoicing is at hand. The good pastor, as he stood in his pulpit and looked upon the crowded assembly before him, and the roof-tree of his new church above him, the church that he had been building and lifting up and supporting by his own strength for five-and-twenty years— as he stood there, the full weight and burden of his long labor seemed to come over him. He looked indeed travel-worn and tired by the number of the years of his work, and for once his words did not come easily or readily; he had too much to say. Memories and emotions seemed to throng upon him from the past, and, from the future, hopes and visions of the great work still to be done through the diminishing vista of years before him. What he had accomplished appeared as only a beginning; the end of his aim was as far away as ever. He repeated the words of the good old text, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will toward men," and, pausing for a moment, spoke as follows, slowly at first and painfully: "The poet has said, 'And the hours, they all arrive.' I greet this hour. We have waited for it; we now live it. Grateful, moved, and happy, I appear among you on this day, with a soul filled with joy and thanksgiving for the living God, who is our strength in weakness; for the Eternal who dries our tears, in whom is our hope. And now, after thanking him, I fulfill his holy will in not forgetting a single one who has helped us to build this house." Those who had given great or little sums of money, the architect, the carpenters, masons, the workmen in wood and iron, all who, full of enthusiasm, had sung over their work here before we could sing our hymns to-day; the absent and mourning lady who had given the organ, each and all received that old and unimprovable expression of gratitude, the simple "I thank you."

"And now, my brothers," he went on, "what shall we put in this frame that you sit in to-day? The masons will not have built in vain. All those who have given their thoughts to this house will not have lost their work; we shall put into this frame things that will justify it. We open here a bright dwelling to divine faith and to the love of souls, in large sympathy with all that is nobly human. First of all, we have founded this 'Home of the Soul,' in veneration for the past. There can be no human home without deep and filial piety for its forefathers. Here we shall hold in honor all the great religious past of humanity. In particular we shall venerate the old religion, mother of our own, the religion of Israel, the religion of the prophets, which is not only one of the most beautiful creations of our past, but even more a power for our future.

"Then we shall inclose, with a piety intense, supreme, all that comes to us from the Man in whom God dwelt; from him who spoke on the mount and died on the cross. We will try to be his disciples. He despised no one. In this life of combat, old army train that it is, in which each one leads his own battalions to battle, he chose love. He loves all men, no matter what the color of their faces or their thoughts; the good and the bad, the big and the little. He loves them all, without distinction, with a heart wide as the heavens, deep as the sea. He put into our darkness so much goodness, simplicity, and divine light that the bright trail of his step is not

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yet passed away from our tumultuous waves. He will be here. He will speak in the silence of our hearts. He will put the hand of adversary into the hand of adversary. He will arrest with a smile the bitter zeal that preaches against a neighbor. He will prevent the casting of an anathema—he that knew not one. In him we will love all who suffer on the earth, all who labor, all who hope and pray. In memory of that Good Shepherd whose sheep are not all in the same fold, we shall love universal Christianity. We shall be in heartfelt harmony with the Catholic Christianity in all that it holds of true religion; bowing down before the eternal problem of life, before the immortal sorrow borne on earth by that Mater Dolorosa, humanity. We shall fraternize with all parts of Protestantism. Here will never be heard one word against a church or any fraction of a church. . . .

"Here will be honored the old men, who, bowed and bent with age, are taking their last steps on earth, almost as tottering as those first steps at the outset of their path. We shall love them as fathers. We shall here greet the good old mothers, bent beneath the weight of days. When they come and take their seats among us, they shall feel that their white crowns are infinitely venerated. And you, men and women, who are in the middle of life, on whom the sun is shedding its midday rays, you who struggle and eat bread that is often bitter, you who think, doubt, seek; no matter what your occupation is, your social or intellectual situation, you will find a welcome here. Each one will find it good to be here. No one will be in the house of another; each one will be in his own home. You will be in the house of the Father. . . .

"Here we shall love the young with all our hearts. We shall try to understand them, by putting ourselves in their places, and to aid them in solving their problems by bringing in our factor of a longer experience. Youth is holy, as suffering is. It has many enemies and a hard life, especially in times as critical as ours. For all these reasons we must love the young very dearly, and we shall never fail to do so. We shall work with them to conquer the promised land, where bloom healthy joys and the pleasures that give life. Here will be preached gayety, the simple life, true and well balanced, as God wishes it to be.

"Here, too, we will love the little children; we will allow them to laugh and to move about, and we will admit that they are children, and even ask them to be children. . . . The leader under whom we march loved life, for he loved men. He so loved this cloudy twilight of ours, in which we have ideas, hardly sketched as yet, of supreme truth; he so loved this rudiment of life, so often weak in the good, bad, corrupted, or wounded, that he gave all that he had, and gave himself for us and our work, whose infinite reach he foresaw. We shall endeavor to cultivate in each the sentiments that animated the Master. In all that will be said in this place we shall try to bring out clearer a special message to the 'unknown' which we all bear within us; for the divine unknown called the soul—that deep meaning of this fragile letter of our existence; for the soul, by which alone we are great, by which alone man can become brother to brother, by which obstacles are overcome, differences effaced. In every event discussed here, in every word of Christ, message of the apostles, cry of the prophets, or precept of ancient wisdom; in every text from which we shall try to loose the spirit, we shall bring out clearer the message to that forgotten soul which awaits its hour in each of us. . . . We forget the unknown divinity which is the base of our being. It occupies the lowest rank with us; it is not spoken of; it enters into neither our speech nor our actions. This is why our life is without warmth, without beauty, our beliefs inefficacious; and our art, notwithstanding its marvelous artifices, goes trailing a broken wing. . . .

"There is a spirit, a manner of employing existence, which, once possessed, transforms all and gives everything a value. If we do not possess it, all is empty and we repeat, with the generations which follow one another and fall into the abysm, the refrain of human disappointment: Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.

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"But if this spirit is given us, nothing is in vain, no task is mean or deprived of beauty; the ray of the sun, when it falls on the humblest flower of the hillock, makes of it a star. It works miracles, makes the deaf to hear, awakens the dead. It wins surprising victories, gets to opening doors which seemed closed forever. . . . That spirit is, in short, the spirit of the Gospel, the spirit of Christ, the spirit truly human, and, just because of that, divine. Humanity, even amid its sorrows, becomes beautiful with a beauty till then invisible, if this spirit be given it. To it we consecrate this house. To this place we will come to feel its influence. In the morning of life our children, little apprentices to humanity, will hear its lessons, in order to become brave men; then older, dressed in white, they will come here to place themselves under its inspiration in the taking of their first communion, and by uniting themselves with all that is best in the past of mankind. Later they will come and kneel here for the consecration of their young love; two will come wishing to be made one, feeling that to love on earth would be the saddest of all things if they could not love one another in that which is eternal; they will entwine the ephemeral roses of their tenderness around the Rock of Ages. They will receive the benediction which does not come from the hand of man, but which the Spirit puts in the words pronounced in his name. And in the sorrowful and veiled hours we will come here to weep for those we have lost. We will come here to think of those who have closed their eyes, those beautiful eyes that we have so loved and shall see never more here below . . . in our misery, in distress, to draw closer our ranks, so that the spirit of consolation may appear in our grief and make its compassion felt even within the tomb. We will come here to fortify ourselves in faith, in hope; to remember that those who have taken their flight are not gone, but by the power of God dwell among us, invisible, touching lightly with their wings our saddened, bowed heads. O you who to-day in a moved and sympathetic silence fill this temple for the first time, whoever you are, men, my brothers, citizens of this dear land of France, collaborators in humanity, think of these things, come here and help us to put the hand to the plow! It is a magnificent work, the most beautiful of all works. It is impossible to undertake a better or more beautiful one, for it is the work by which each should grow more worthy, should hope more, should love his fellows more, should become ever sweeter and at the same time stronger, should despise less his fellow-man, fear less those who are great in flesh only, and feel less disdain for those who are small in appearance only. . . . It is the work of fraternity, benevolence, and faith. It is a work of power and beauty. Let us unite our souls and make to-day a promise to love this place for the work we shall do in it.

"This is how this annex is to serve us: we shall gather in it the young people, that they may enjoy the pleasure of being together. We will cultivate singing in it. We will assemble in it little girls and young women to teach them how they can do more good with their hands than harm with their tongues; that a needle may be stronger than a sword if it is worked by the hand of a brave woman. They will be taught not to despise the humble duties of housekeeping, but to put soul even into the accomplishment of the daily task. Here will be received the poor who come for relief and encouragement; the feeble in health who seek advice, solace, and strength. We will organize an effective mutual aid society of all who come here. Close to the solitude where we pray will be the hive where we work. This house will be a center of activity for all volunteers of good will. In this quarter let it be felt that from this dwelling a good influence is spreading out afar. . . ."

When the service was over, the congregation filled the little Rue Daval to overflowing. One could see there better than in the church what a crowd it was; what a fine, brave, strong-looking crowd, ugly, poor, and unfashionable as three-fourths of it was. From high up in the windows some women looked down upon it in curiosity. "Ce sont des Juifs ou des Protestants!" (A lot of Jews or Protestants!) they commented aloud.

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THE PEDLAR'S WINDOW

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR THIS ARTICLE BY RUSSELL, ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHER

Happy the Pedlar whose portrait we view,
Since his dog was so faithful and gallant too;
He at once made him wealthy and guarded his door,
Secured him from robbers, relieved him when poor.
Then drink to his memory, and wish fate may send
Such a dog to protect you, enrich and befriend.

Rhyme written on a Tap-room Window of the Pedlar's Acre Estate.

IT was one of those soft, hazy days when the great world of London, noisy and ceaselessly busy as it is, seemed a-dreaming. Westminster Abbey and the Parliament Houses stood gray against the quiet sky of the late afternoon. The streets and pavements were full to overflowing with human traffic, 'buses, hansoms, private carriages, trams, and upon the sidewalk two compact streams of pedestrians. The mighty roar of this tidal human life was so great that it was as strangely uneventful as distance upon the sea and suggestive of the sea's vast inclusive silence. We were crossing Westminster Bridge slowly, looking back now and then at the Abbey where after all these ages the chisel still rings upon the stone, and we were wandering forward without any definite idea whither we were going. We did not have a guide-book, nor did we need or wish one. I knew that we were coming into Lambeth, a place,

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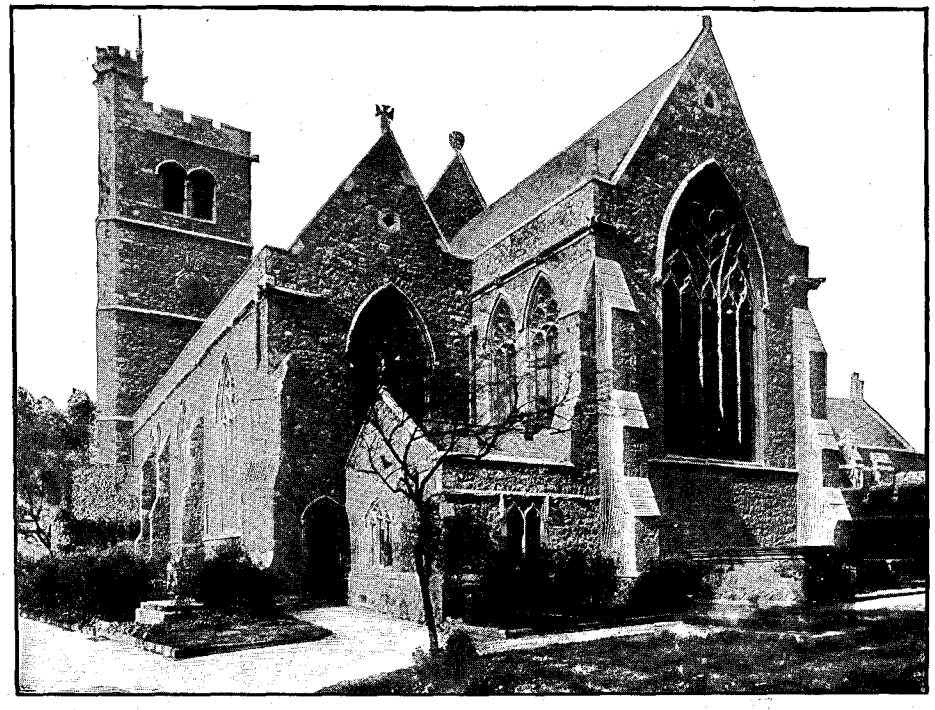
despite its reputation for dinginess and squalor, dear to me because a poet had lived there, William Blake writing and singing and printing his "Songs of Innocence and Experience" in that vision-haunted kitchen where Mrs. Blake cooked while he worked, and dear to me also because William Morris had walked upon Lambeth streets for the good of poverty-stricken Lambethians. We turned from the bridge to the right and followed along the esplanade of St. Thomas's Hospital. The esplanade was filled with little children rolling perambulators bigger than themselves containing wizened little babies. But at least it was a fine place for an airing, good enough for a king's baby. And it was a fine place, too, to see the sunset glow upon the river and upon the old gray buildings of Parliament and upon the Abbey.

Back from the esplanade we saw lights in the windows of a small, ancient-looking church which stood by the gateway of an old palatial residence. We entered to listen to the service, a service attended by a handful of sickly, poorly clad people, who seemed much at home in the dingy pews and to be in some unusual fashion inheritors of the sacred precinct, possessing the church, as is but infrequently the case with poor people, for their own. It set me wondering why this was so, and what the entire congregation might be like. After the service we went to the palace porte-cochère, and it was there we found the tired individual in tall silk hat and black frock coat who told us what I thought one of the most interesting and odd stories I had ever heard about any church. It would not be possible to give his Cockney dialect in full. He was tired, as I have said, and he was nervous, looking anxiously out from under the porte-cochère for carriages which were bringing guests to a dinner the Archbishop was giving. Talking brokenly and hurriedly, he told us the church we had been in was Lambeth Church, belonging to the Archbishop's palace. The gate under which he stood was Cardinal Morton's Gate, built in 1490. There was a white fig-tree inside the court planted by a cousin of Mary Tudor; but perhaps the most inter-



LAMBETH CHURCH

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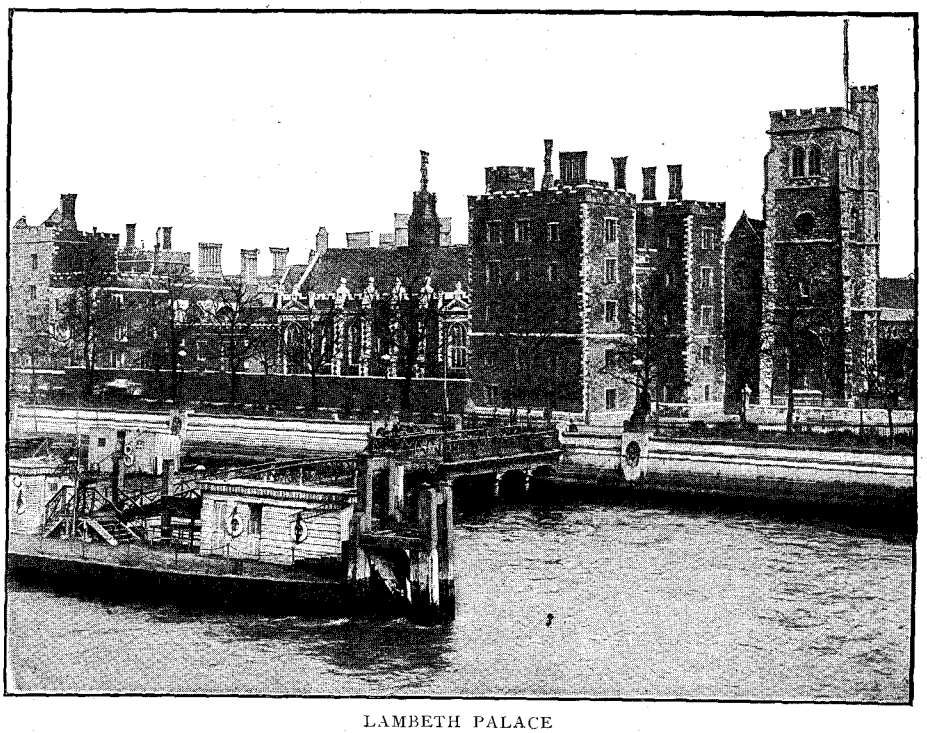
esting curiosity they had was the window we had seen in the church—the Pedlar's Window. "One day," he said, "in the fifteenth century, an' that was some time after the church was built, it was rainin' 'ard an' a pedlar came into the church for refuge. The rector was there, an' 'e was good to 'im. So when that pedlar died 'e gave an acre of land down the river a little ways for the use of the church, an' 'e hexpressed a wish, too, that there'd be a window to 'is hown memory set up in the church, the land to Pedlar gave wasn't worth more 'n £5 when 'e gave it. Now it brings in £3,000 a year; it's the land on which the shippin' station of the Crosse an' Blackwell Jam people stands, an' it's hincreasin' in value each year. It does a great deal of good, it does," concluded the tired individual in the silk hat and black frock coat, the Archbishop's porter.

Upon another voyage of discovery across the river I learned much more that was authentic concerning the window, the pedlar, and his faithful dog.



LAMBETH PALACE

be used for the benefit of the poor in Lambeth. The rector 'e see to it the window was set up, an' there it stayed until a few years ago, when an aristocrat, now the Earl of ——, became rector. 'E wished to erect a window to the memory of 'is wife—she wasn't dead either—an' 'e did. So 'e took hout the Pedlar's Window an' put in one to 'is wife called Faith, Hope, and Charity. Then the Lambethians objected to that, an' the Pedlar's Window was replaced on the other side of the church. Earl or no earl, it was a nasty trick! But I'm forgettin' my story. That acre of land the

It is a tiny window to have so large a history, for it measures over all only twenty-four inches by sixteen. Probably the story is nearly as the porter told it.

Many centuries ago, on a warm July day, a pedlar selling his goods was making his way from Herne Hill to Lambeth. He saw a storm coming up, his goods were valuable to him and his pack heavy, so he took refuge, tired and discouraged, under the walls of Lambeth Church. The priest, coming in to prepare for the evening service, said:

"Thou art early for vespers, my son."

"I am not for vespers, father. I am

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for the road when the rain no longer threatens."

"Hast thou had much custom?" the priest demanded, gently.

"Little eno'," the pedlar answered. "It is tramp, tramp, tramp, for but little gain."

"My friend," the priest asked, "art thou an honest man? Dost thou mete out true measure? As thou dost measure, it is measured to thee again."

"I believe in the saying," the pedlar replied, "and I bear it in mind to my harm."

"Perhaps," continued the priest, "thou dost not ask God's blessing on thy labor; without that nothing can prosper."

"Were I sure of a blessing, I would ask one now," the man said, meditatively; "I am tired of ill luck."

Thereupon the priest and pedlar knelt to pray in the old church, probably as quiet and seemingly as ancient then as it is to-day. The pedlar, joining the simple congregation, stayed to hear the good priest's homely sermon and went home only when the hour-glass was turned. He became a devout man, walking the streets of Lambeth as in time past, but with this change, that both heart and pack grew lighter. He prospered, and finally, old and gray and nearing the end of his wayfaring life, he sent for the priest, now also old. To this man of God he intrusted an acre of land by the waterside with this remark, "May God prosper the land to the church as He has prospered me." Blessings do not always transform themselves into gold, any more than virtue into a reward, but here is the actual record, not the porter's statement, of the rents accruing from the Pedlar's Acre: In 1504, two shillings and eightpence were received for the yearly rental; in 1690, £4; in 1752 a lease was granted by Dr. Denne for £800 down and £100 annually; the income now is £1,800 yearly.

Some authorities say the estate was granted in return for permitting the pedlar to bury his faithful friend in sacred ground—a proper resting-place, I think, for the little dog who, with his lifted, ever forward-stepping foot, had preceded his master so gallantly through life. Other tradition says that the pedlar, weary from his wandering, fell asleep near Farthing Ferry, and that while he was sleeping the dog scratched up the turf, uncovering a spot where gold was buried. Enriched by this gold, the pedlar, when his dog died, managed by some pious connivance of money and influence to secure the dog burial in the churchyard, where in the end he might lie beside him. However all this may be, it is but another story of faithful friendship between man and dog, and one—which does not always happen—as creditable to the man as to the dog.

Every wall of the quiet old church is full of charm. Here, many moons after the little doggie had looked his last confiding look into the master's face, came her "Queen's Grace," Elizabeth, to church while she was staying at the Archbishop's palace; here the apprentices of London to the number of five hundred gathered with the intention of killing Archbishop Laud; here the soldiers of Cromwell stabled their horses with that rude disregard at least for the holiness of beauty which characterized Cromwell's men; and to this church fled Mary d'Este of Modena, wife of James II., her little child in her arms, and, crouching beneath the walls, her eyes searching for the lights of Whitehall, waited in the rain and dark of that winter night of 1688 for the coach that was to take her to Gravesend. And here lie buried the naturalists, the Tradescants, whose faith, as so often happened with great scientists in seventeenth-century days, played pranks with their common sense. They believed in astonishing animals, and in their curio collection had, among other wonders, a dragon's egg and a griffin's egg; two feathers from the tail of a phœnix; a claw of the ruck, a bird able to kill an elephant; eggs of the cassowary or emu, crocodiles, a dodo from Mauritius ("could not fly because it was too big"), a white blackbird, a hippopotamus, a natural dragon "about two inches long," a cow's tail from Arabia, a cherry stone holding ten dozen tortoise-shell combs, an ancient conjurer's rattle whereby a Tradescant called up spirits, and Henry

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VIII.'s stirrups and gloves. No wonder this assemblage was called the Tradescants' Ark! In 1693 the collection was removed to Oxford, where it is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, whether *in toto* as well as with dodo I cannot say. Only the Tradescant monument with its quaint inscription remains in Lambeth:

"Know, stranger, ere thou pass beneath this stone
Lye John Tradescant, grandsire, father, son;
The last dyed in his spring; the other two
Liv'd till they had travelled Art and Nature through,
As by their choice collection may appear
Of what is rare in land, in sea, in air;
Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad in a nut)
A world of wonders in a closet shut.
These famous Antiquarians that had been
Both Gardeners to the Rose and Lily Queen,
Transplanted now themselves, sleep here; and when
Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,
And fire shall purge the world, these buried shall rise
And change this Garden for a Paradise."

The church records are witness of many old and now almost forgotten customs. A festival called "Hoke" or "Hock-tide" was held about Eastertime. The fun of this feast consisted in making the streets over into an obstacle race-course and obliging citizens to pay toll to get past the obstructions. The money collected in this ingenious fashion was devoted to the repair of the church, although I suppose some of it might have gone as charitably to the repair of shins.

"For the Church's good
They in defence of Hock-tide customs stood."

This practice may be traced back to the thirteenth century, and is, perhaps, of pagan ancestry. At least "Hock-tide" is said to be derived from the German, and means a wedding. What is still more important in the link in this chain, it was at a wedding-feast at Lambeth that King Hardicanute died suddenly, thus freeing the people from the rule of the Danes. "Beating the bounds" was another ancient usage. This was a "perambulation" to a place called the "Vicar's Oak," in Norwood, an old tree, cut down in 1769, which marked the boundary of the parish in that district. There are two interesting entries to be found in the church books recording this custom:

	s.	d.
1583—Paid when we went our perambulations in Rogation Week.....	2	6
1740—Paid for 100 lbs. of cheese, and spent at Vicar's Oak.....	8	0

It was in the reign of Elizabeth that a regulation was made obliging people to walk round their parish on one of the three Rogation Days preceding Holy Thursday. This procession was led by the clergy and the church wardens, chanting the 104th Psalm, "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmarks"—a peripatetic hardship mitigated by good cheer at certain well-established points in these "perambulations."

On the church books is an item of 2s. 8d. paid "For a dinner given to the Bishop and his Company on St. Nicholas' Day." A remarkable sum to suffice for a Bishop's dinner! This entry tells of the existence of an odd usage, and one which would to-day seem somewhat sacrilegious as well as ridiculous. In the church was an altar to St. Nicholas, that patron saint of children, who was canonized either because of his early and unparalleled abstinence, or, as some prefer to believe, because of his clairvoyant power in detecting the evil done to two little children. In common with other saints-days, St. Nicholas Day was celebrated at Lambeth Church. At this festival one of the boys of the choir assumed the title and state of a bishop. Clad in bishop's robes, with a miter and crozier, and exacting ceremonious attention from his fellow-choristers, also dressed as priests, the little company entered the church, there to read the service, to pray for Holy Innocents' Day, to listen to the boy bishop preach a sermon, and to receive the juvenile bishop's blessing. After service these "Innocents" of Lambeth went in formal train about the parish demanding money as the bishop's subsidy, and being much feasted. This highly delightful and profitable office was retained from St. Nicholas Day (6th December) to Holy Innocents' Day (Childermas). The boy bishop had the patronage of any livings in connection with the cathedral which fell vacant during his brief term. If he

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died in office, he was given the burial of a bishop, interment in his robes, with all the attendant insignia. In Salisbury Cathedral was a monument to one of the boy bishops. In 1299 one of them said prayers before Edward I., and in the reign of Edward III. a boy bishop was paid 12s. 6d. for singing in the royal chamber on Holy Innocents' Day. Cranmer was hard-hearted enough to condemn the custom, but Queen Mary restored it, and tradition says that a boy bishop repeating mass before her compared her in flattering song to Esther and the Queen of Sheba; whereat, vastly amused by this sacrilegious ceremony, she laughed heartily.

Perhaps at the heels of such a procession of solemn children winding its way by the quiet flowing, ship-covered river the pedlar's dog barked in his lightsome moments. For a hard-worked dog as well as one weighted by crown affairs and a "braw brass collar" will have his frisk. Whatever your great man does in his moments of relaxation, when he, too, for a minute steps aside from wayfaring, is matter of conjecture. Perhaps he demurely turns some antic of the mind or maybe stands on his head. It will be a dreary time when a busy dog cannot have his frisk upon December day as well as in the merry month of May. And the pedlar's dog was such a jaunty little fellow to win his place on both church and tap-room windows, blithe with the best as becomes a good fellow. It is a thousand pities that such a sprightly comrade missed the jingle of the jam-pots being loaded into the ships at the Pedlar's Acre wharf or the possible sweet accident over which any dog would lick his chops. But, jam or no jam, the Lambeth of those days must have been more genial than it is to-day; either that or the Archbishop's porter needs a dog to enliven him in those moments when he is free from the burden of seeing that the Archbishop's guests reach their dinner—something which it might seem any sane man could be trusted to do for himself, *à corpo perdu*, if necessary. I can still hear the porter, adding us to his accumulation of Ciceronian duties, say, in a voice of patient courtesy, "Saturday I will guide you ladies through the palace if you wish. You need only present your cards; it will not be necessary to write to the Archbishop's secretary. There's a party of people going through then, not aristocrats, but a rather decent party of people, school people, managers, an' that sort."

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THE MISTRESS OF THE COOK SHACK

BY C. M. HARGER

"DINNER IS READY"

"ALL aboard for the vestibuled fast express!" called John, cheerily, and Anne hurried to the door.

There it was at last—their dream of harvest days, the automobile train that was to be their California Limited during the remainder of the summer. In front was the locomotive, a great wide-wheeled traction engine, capable apparently of carrying a whole township's possessions behind it. The two farm horses were hitched ahead to make the guiding easier, though they did not have to pull a pound. Behind the engine was the separator, big, red, awkward, bulging with tubes, wheels, and carriers in unexpected places. Then the Cook Shack—the moving home Anne had planned to occupy for the harvest time. Yet in the rear were a water-wagon and a new-fangled carrier to replace the old one on the separator—but what did she care for that?

"Hurry and get aboard," urged John, eager to be at work.

Anne and the children mounted the steps at the rear of the little house on wheels; the engine tooted, the team pranced, and, with a jerk, they were off.

"It's like a boat, mamma," said Ruth, as the low iron wheels of the cook shack went bumping over the uneven surface of the prairie roads.

Very snug it was. Against the wall was a shelf, and above the shelf were racks and cupboards in which she had stored pans, tins, and plates for the work of the coming weeks. A great heap of canvas in the corner, some folding canvas beds, four chairs, two trunks—all these were in the cook shack, and yet there was room for Anne and the children. It seemed like home to have the familiar furniture and dishes around her, meager though the supply was.

It was midsummer. The wheat harvest commenced weeks before, but the threshing season was barely at its height. All over the plains was a demand for threshers, and John had invested in an "outfit" and determined to make enough to pay for it in the next four months.

"We can't help winning if you will help," he had said, when they sat in front of the little prairie cabin and talked it over. "You can cook and I will run the machine. We can get ten cents a bushel for all the wheat we can handle, and at that rate we ought to have a nice profit. I know some young men who will work hard and be straight, and it ought to be a good thing for us—especially as the farm is not paying much this year."

The first "stand" was to be on the Taylor ranch, over by Lyon Creek—three hundred acres of wheat. "Going thirty bushels to the acre," declared the owner.

The long summer day had turned to dusk when the engine puffed its way into the field alongside the row of stacks—the garnered sheaves—that stood like soldiers at attention amid a vast area of stubble.

"Have to hurry now," called John, as the men scrambled down from their places on the separator and wagon. In half an hour they had pitched a tent, built a fire for the cooking, brought water from the house, and in a few minutes more Anne was serving her first dining-car supper.

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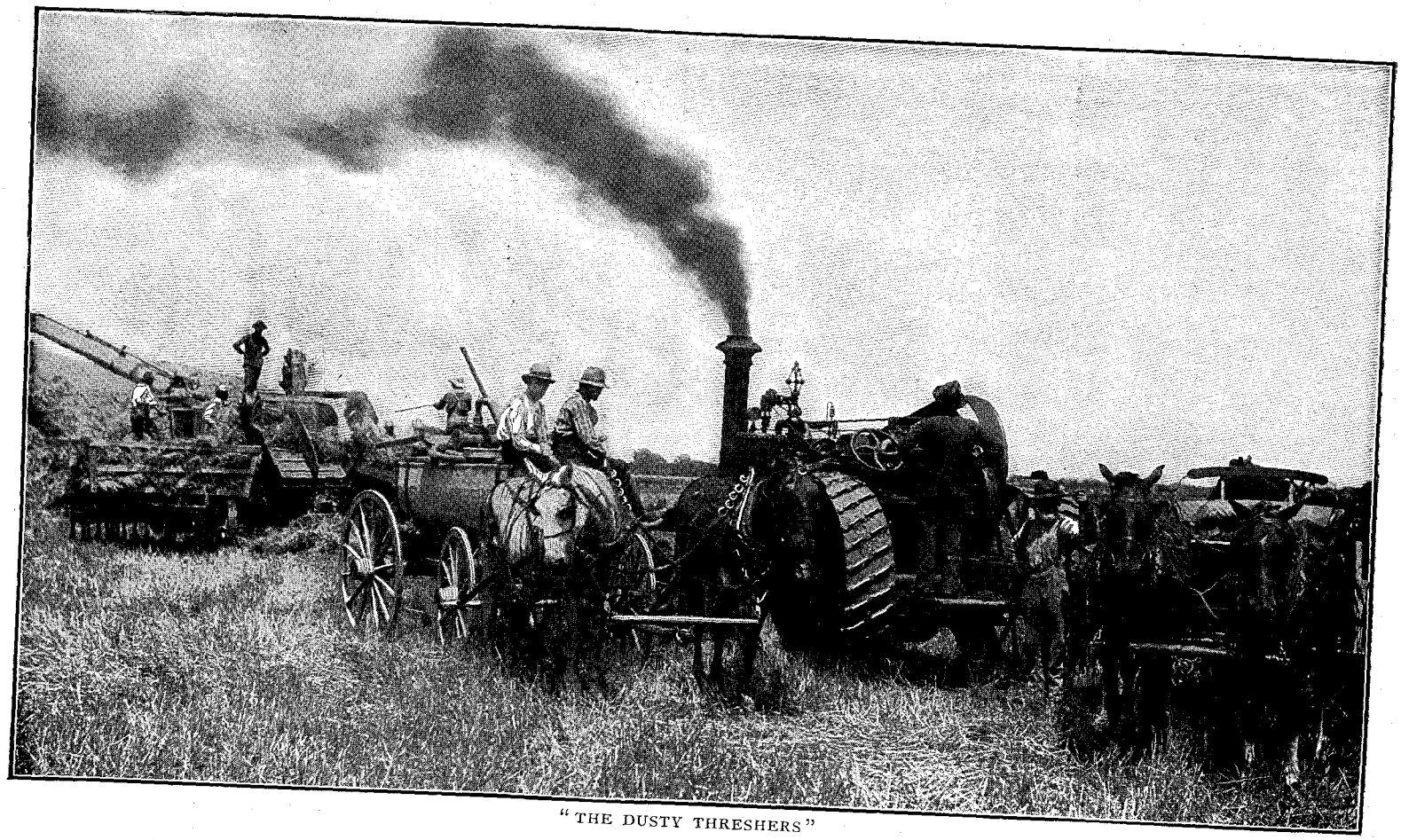

"THE DUSTY THRESHERS"

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It was not much of a supper, that first one. She could not find all the supplies, and the arrangements were so cramped. The children were already tired out, and lay on one of the canvas beds out under the clear summer sky.

"We'll get at it early in the morning, boys," were John's parting words as the men sought beds beside the stacks. John and Anne and the children had the tent for their bedroom.

"Early" in the thresherman's parlance means four o'clock in the morning, and at that hour John was calling the men. Anne hurried to the cook shack and put on the gasoline stove a huge pot of coffee, some ham and eggs, and brought from the improvised cupboard plenty of bread, cut in thick slices. "No use expecting good work unless you feed the men well," was John's motto.

Before sunrise was a half-hour past the separator was pulled by the engine to the side of a stack, the engine was in place, the belts adjusted, and at the word from John the wheels began to whir.

Something in the croon of a threshing-machine haunts one. It is not monotonous; it rises into a shrill crescendo, then falls away to a low, soothing buzz; it hurries in tempo, it lags as some heavy bundle clogs the eager teeth of the cylinder.

Anne cleared away the breakfast, washed the children's faces, fed them, and then sat on the step of the cook shack and watched the men. Every one was doing his best. Forks twinkled in the sunlight as the sheaves were tossed into the mouth of the red monster.

Then, at the side, where a slender tube ran high from the base of the machine and had a crook like an elbow, came trickling a golden-red stream that flowed steadily into the box of a new wagon that the owner of the farm had provided. This was the wheat on which Anne and John depended for their summer's return.

"Doing pretty well to start this way," remarked John, as he stole to the shack to cheer Anne a little. "Everything goes like clockwork—good wheat, too."

"When do you want dinner?" asked Anne, her thoughts on the meals for that hungry crew toiling out there in the sun.

"Just as near noon as you can. The men will watch the sun. When you are ready, give the engineer the signal."

Long before noon Anne had the shack set to rights. A table of boards covered with a white cloth was set the length of the little house. She took especial pains to make it inviting, although she realized that her boarders would not need anything to tempt their appetite.

When it was plump noon, she waved her apron and then was startled at the result—a glad "too-o-o-t" from the engine, repeated and repeated as if the engineer was afraid the men would not understand.

Before the singing whir of the separator had ceased, the dusty threshers were crowded around the wash-basin, preparing for dinner. Their grimy faces came out shining and clean, their hair soaked and glossy.

When they were seated they made a hearty picture, every one brown and sinewy, for they had come from the harvest fields to help John. They knew what to do—no need for the host to say, somewhat bashfully, "Help yerself—it's all yours."

It was all theirs—Anne had not understood the appetite of the thresher. Again and again she filled the bread-trays; again and again came back the men's plates for potatoes and meat. Would they never stop?

"John," she whispered, anxiously, when the workers had gone down the steps and sauntered to the shade of the machine, "we can't do it."

"Can't do what?" he asked.

"Make any money. They'll eat as much as we can earn." Her downcast face was evidence that she believed her statement.

John laughed. "Never mind about that; give 'em plenty."

The long summer afternoon seemed very short to Anne. She took the rocking-chair she had brought, and set it in the shade of the shack. Around her played the two smaller children. Ruth was perched beside the engineer in the very heat of the engine. The stacks next the separator had been lowered, and the ranch-owner was bringing sheaves in great racks, or barges, from which

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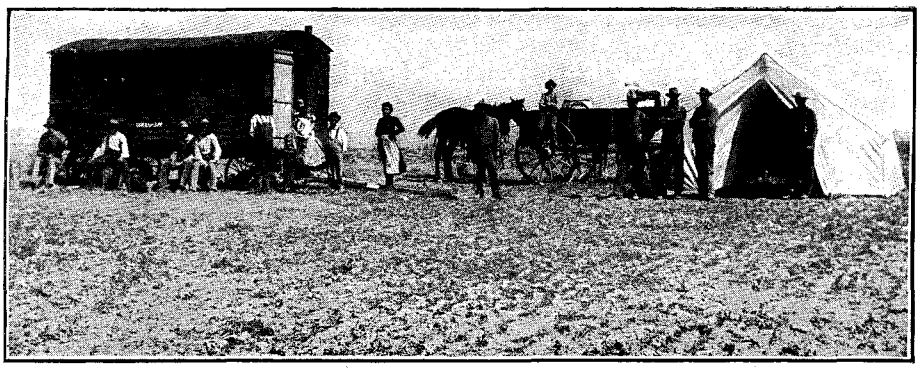

"CAMPED ON CHOCOLATE FURROWS"

the wheat was thrown into the machine. The water-wagon made trips to the well at the house. A farmer drove in to engage John for his threshing. Once there was a broken belt, and the men rested until it was repaired.

Not until the sun fell below the northwest horizon did the welcome "too-o-o-t" of the engine bring the busy day to a close. Anne had the table well laden this time, and the men were compelled to refuse "another piece of apple pie" which she pressed upon them.

As they left the shack they saw the engine puffing as fast as ever.

"We'll move over on the other side of the ranch to-night," announced John. "There's two days' work yet on that side."

Anne hurried the dishes, gathered the chairs from the ground outside, and soon the shack was bumping its way through the night.

The children were frightened by the sparks from the engine, and she held them close during the half-hour's ride.

When she awoke, a little cry of delight broke from her lips as she looked from the door. The camp was in a beautiful creek valley. A little grove of box-elders and cottonwoods was near by, and the bluestem was thick and green. Meadow-larks sang and sunflowers nodded. It was a picture of prairie happiness.

This was a pleasant day. John went to the farm-house and over the farmer's telephone line ordered from the store generous supplies of groceries. He had arranged for a man to bring them out.

So at ten o'clock the carrier drove up to the shack. He leaned from the seat where he was shaded by a huge yellow umbrella, and called to the mistress of the establishment.

Package after package he handed out—potatoes, rice, breakfast food, corn-meal, everything that could serve a group of hungry men.

"And here's something for the little folks," he added, giving the children a package of candy. "Your pa said I mustn't forgit that."

It was a little thing, but Anne's eyes filled with moisture as she heard it—John was so good! To tell the truth, despite the beautiful location, she was a bit lonesome, for the machine was around the bend and out of sight.

That night the men built a camp-fire and sat around it telling stories. One of the workers was a college boy from New York. He sang college songs and told college tales, until the party forgot the day's dusty duty and dreamed of the joys of student life.

"And you are going back to that?" asked one.

"Yes, in two weeks—and I have earned enough this summer to pay my way through the last year. Next summer I shall be with a surveying corps in Arizona." He was one of hundreds of youths to whom the Western harvest is a boon.

The next move was out on the open plain. The wheat-field had already been plowed for the next sowing, and the camp was in the midst of five hundred acres of chocolate furrows. From the door of the cook shack Anne could count three

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other outfits at work. She wondered if any were as successful as theirs.

For John was more than satisfied. "The wheat is turning out fine, and the old machine is doing great work," he had told her the night before when they went to their tent. "We'll make a nice thing."

But not every day was satisfying. Once a whole week went by when only three days, and those in a few hours at a time, could be utilized. Rain sent the men scurrying to the shack for shelter time after time. Once a terrific wind blew down the tent and would have overturned the shack had not the men hastened to brace it with long poles. That night Anne did cry in earnest—but by morning the sun was shining and she forgot it.

Then there were times when her friends from town came out to spend a few hours of the afternoon. How wonderful it all seemed to them!

The Mayor's wife and the wife of a Senator stopped one noon and insisted on eating with the threshers—and Anne was grateful for the diversion.

Summer changed to early autumn. John had filled all his contracts, and at last the train was made up for the last time.

"All aboard for Homeville!" shouted John, as the engine puffed and steamed, and at last undertook the beginning of the ten-mile journey.

They did not stop for dinner. "Last call for the dining-car!" was John's announcement to the three men who remained with him—the others had been paid off and had departed.

With the car swaying and bumping, the five ate Anne's good bread and drank her fragrant coffee. The children, browner and more freckled than ever, were beside their father.

"It's been a pretty good season," remarked one of the men as he passed his plate for another helping.

"He was right," confided John to Anne when the men had gone. "We have made more than I expected."

Just at evening the engine gave a prolonged whistle. Anne looked from the door. Her face was wreathed in smiles. There was the little prairie home—how good it looked!

"Union depot—all out!" called John, and, leaving the men to take the engine, separator, cook shack, and the rest of the train on to the storehouse, he joined Anne.

The children had already raced ahead. John slipped an arm around Anne's waist. "Little girl, you have been a big help to me," he whispered.

And the Mistress of the Cook Shack kissed his bronzed cheek.

"THE LIMITED EXPRESS"

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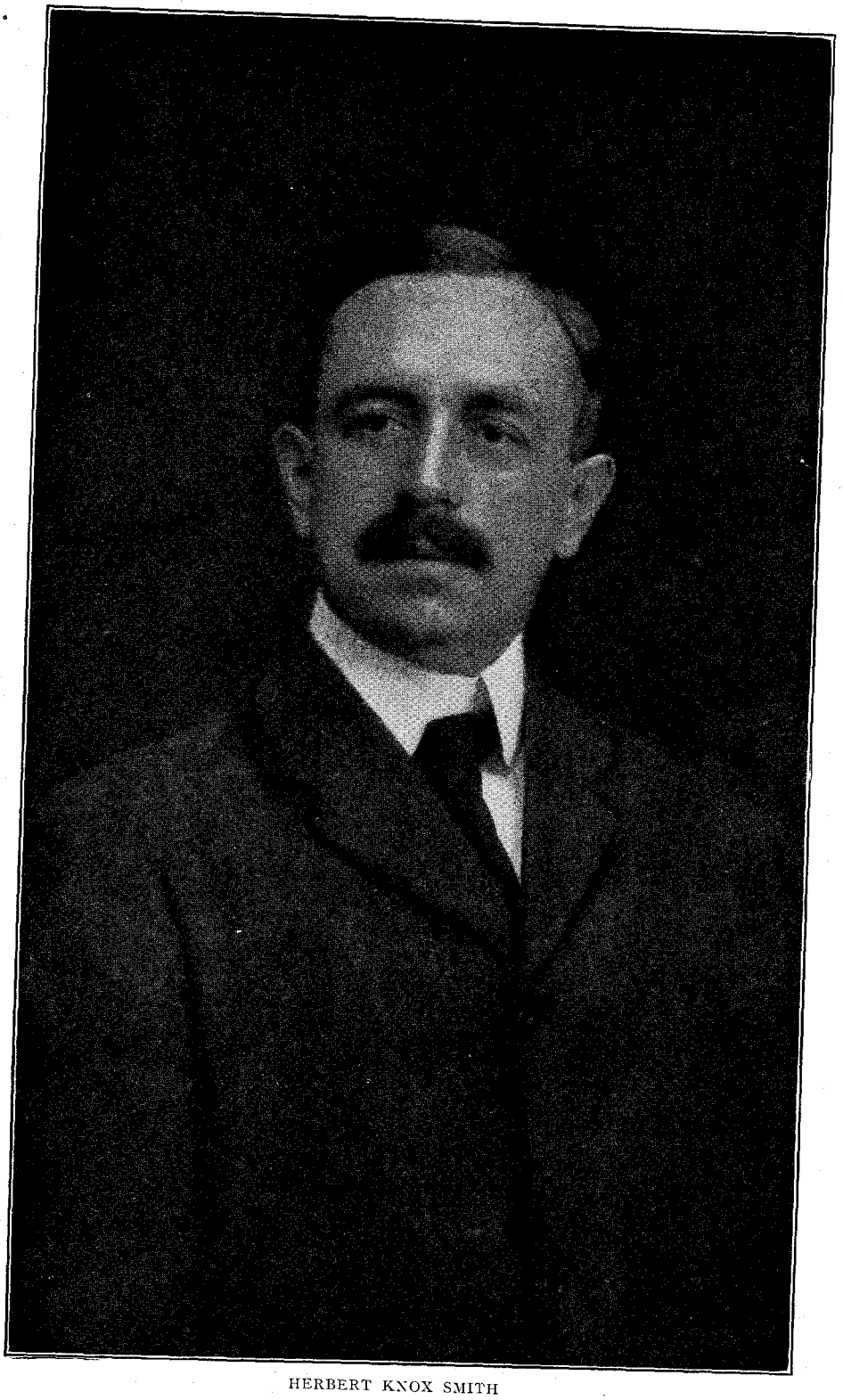

HERBERT KNOX SMITH
Commissioner of Corporations

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THE COMMISSIONER OF CORPORATIONS

QUESTIONS concerning corporate control and monopoly in industry and transportation have recently become of paramount importance. Hence, of all departmental bureaus at Washington, it is appropriate that the Bureau of Corporations should receive the most attention from the newspapers and the public.

This Bureau was formed only in 1903. It has been administered, first, by the Hon. James Rudolph Garfield; second, by the Hon. Herbert Knox Smith. Both are surprisingly young men for such a position, yet both are peculiarly efficient public servants.

The Bureau is the Executive's agent in the regulation of those corporations which evade or break the law. For, like individuals, corporations may be classed as law-abiding, law-evading, and law-breaking. When, at President Roosevelt's instance, Congress had formed the Bureau as a part of the Department of Commerce, its management was intrusted to Mr. Garfield, who, though he had been a Civil Service Commissioner, was only thirty-eight years old. Some wise men, friends of the Administration, shook their heads and remarked that the corporations would have child's play with so youthful and inexperienced a Bureau Chief. The foes of the Administration, especially the corporation magnates, only laughed and jeered. But he laughs best who laughs last. As usual, the President knew what he was about.

With no spectacular beginning, but with thoroughgoing and courageous methods in obtaining facts, the Bureau of Corporations has been the means of bringing some giant monopolies, like the Beef Trust, into relations of greater justice to the public and particularly to the consumer. When the corporation magnates saw the impending change, there were some efforts on their part to discredit the Bureau of Corporations in general and Mr. Garfield in particular. But these efforts failed, as they deserved to fail. President Roosevelt's view was significantly emphasized in his promotion of Mr. Garfield to a Cabinet office, and that an office of immense and increasing responsibility, the Secretaryship of the Interior, certainly not one of the kind to lead to the least suspicion that he had been "kicked upstairs."

Nor is Mr. Garfield's successor, the Hon. Herbert Knox Smith, the kind of man to lead to the suspicion that there is to be any cessation of the admirable grasp of existing conditions, of the careful attention to detail, and of the fearless discharge of duty which have distinguished the Bureau's management. Like Mr. Garfield, Mr. Smith is a remarkably young man for a task of such magnitude. He is only thirty-seven years old. With his jet-black hair and mustache untouched by gray, with his lithe figure and alert manner, Mr. Smith looks younger even than his years. Perhaps one cause of this is the attention paid to a vigorous out-of-doors life, and, especially in Washington, his playing of tennis, sometimes on the White House grounds, where Mr. Smith finds such experts in the game as the President, M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador, Mr. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Bacon, Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Murray, Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Mr. Cooley, Assistant Attorney-General, and Mr. Pinchot, Forester in the Department of Agriculture.

Herbert Knox Smith is the son of the Rev. Edward Alfred Smith, who was a Congregational clergyman of Chester, Massachusetts. When Herbert was four years old, the family moved to Farmington, Connecticut. At that place his father was pastor of the Congregational church for thirteen years. Later the family settled in Hartford. Young Smith went to school at Farmington, and prepared for college at the famous Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, New Jersey, graduating in 1887. He entered Yale, and was gradu-

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ated from the academic department with the class of 1891. But Mr. Smith did not leave New Haven. He took up post-graduate work, and afterwards entered the Yale Law School. He was graduated therefrom in 1895, admitted to the Connecticut Bar, and started independent practice in Hartford in the same year. This practice he continued until he entered the Government service in 1903. He still retains his law office at Hartford, which is now occupied by his brother, Mr. Ernest Walker Smith.

Mr. Smith was a member of the Common Council of Hartford for two terms, and a representative from Hartford to the Connecticut Legislature one term, being a member of the Judiciary Committee of that body. In 1903 he was Chairman of the Republican Town Committee of Hartford, and from 1903 to 1906 was Park Commissioner in Hartford.

In 1903 Mr. Smith was called to Washington to become Deputy Commissioner of Corporations, in addition to which he has also been Acting Solicitor of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and a member of the Federal commissions for investigating the Slocum and Valentia disasters, in connection with which he has done considerable work in improving the condition of the steamboat inspection service relating to the safety of passenger vessels, having drafted a number of laws and regulations to that end. Mr. Smith is also one of the nine men appointed by the President to form the new Inland Waterways Commission.

As Deputy Commissioner of Corporations Mr. Smith quickly became well acquainted with Mr. Garfield's ideals, ideas, and methods of work; he may be counted on to continue them and to add thereto the ingenious notions which his clever Yankee mind suggests. These he has begun to carry out with vigor.

As a proof, one may note that he has compelled the Standard Oil Company, the most powerful American industrial corporation, to break its traditional policy of silence. Mr. Smith's first publications as Commissioner concerned the operations of that company. His initial report appeared on May 20 of this year, and had to do especially with Petroleum Pipe Lines. The second report appeared on August 5, and was a discussion of Petroleum Prices and Profits.

Exposed in its secret springs of strength, the Company has now replied in a statement describing Mr. Smith's first report as "illogical and partisan." An indication as to whether it was so or not may be found in the recent judgment pronounced by Judge Landis, of the United States District Court at Chicago, against the Standard Oil Company, involving over fourteen hundred distinct counts, of accepting unlawful rebates and imposing a fine of $29,240,000, the largest money penalty ever decreed. As to Mr. Smith's second report, the Standard Oil directors' statement characterizes it as "a wholly false deduction from incomplete facts." The opinion already expressed in these columns, however, is that accusations based upon long and painstaking investigation and supported—as are Mr. Smith's—by masses of categorical evidence cannot be properly met by mere sweeping denials, or by offhand counter-accusations of prejudice and incompetence. So far the office of the Commissioner of Corporations has fully justified its existence by the industrial facts and statistics, based on expert research, which it has given or caused to be given to the public.

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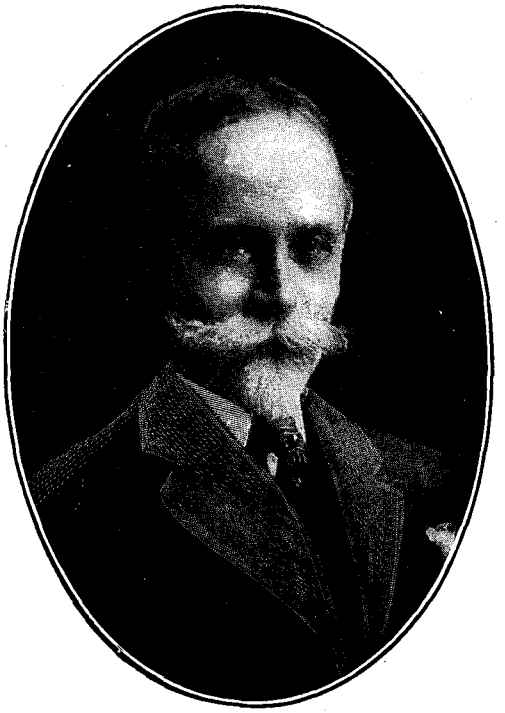

GEORGE W. CABLE

"POSSON JONE'"

BY GEORGE W. CABLE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

THERE are certain stories, read in the morning of youth, which leave ineffaceable impressions of glimpses into a new world, vistas of untraveled regions of experience and of art. There must be many middle-aged people who find "The Wings of a Dove" and "The American View" as subtly irritating as a great and delicate but misdirected art can make them, but who recall the fresh enthusiasm with which they read "The Passionate Pilgrim" and "A Madonna of the Future," discovering at once the presence of a talent which promised all manner of delightful achievements. With a kindred glow of morning air upon enchanting gardens and picturesque streets came the group of short stories in "Old Creole Days," the revelations of a gift of characterization and of style stamped with a certain sensitive and delicate beauty. It was before the days when everybody had breakfasted at the French market, eaten pompano at the Café Louisiana, and found in Royal Street a bit of Old World background. Galleries, open courts, a profusion of flowers, gateways and portals opening into dim hallways or sunny spaces green with vines, gave one that sense of mystery which the America of high lights, rectangular streets, mathematically numbered houses, and the absence of protecting walls almost entirely lacks.

New Orleans was an unknown city to the majority of Mr. Cable's early readers;

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and so were the people whom he sketched with beguiling art, and the stories of whose fortunes and fates he told with delicate sympathy. So charming were these portraitures that the sensitiveness of some Creoles to their delineation would be inexplicable if one did not recall the aversion of nearly all secluded peoples to any kind of characterization in literature. For Mr. Cable touched his subjects with so light a hand and invested them with such charm that they captivated the imagination of the country. It was no fault of theirs that they lacked the commercial instinct and were ineffective in the business struggle; it was their compelling charm that the Latin temperament gave them inexhaustible vivacity, and that in the fierce light that beats on the cities of to-day there was a touch of Old World peace in their gardens, and their streets and courts were restful, mysterious with half-lights and dim shadows. They were out of that glare of publicity which is the highest price paid by sensitive men and women for the privileges of democracy.

The stories in "Old Creole Days," like the early ventures of Mr. James, belong to the first period of the later and finer practice of this art by American writers—a practice so skillful, not only in individual mastery of form, but in insight and power of portraiture, that one must go to France to find a kindred proficiency. It was the beginning of a more productive period in American writing, and these stories were among the first-fruits of its most sincere and enduring activity.

If one wishes to venture upon the dangerous function of prophecy, the perilous pleasure of anticipating the judgment of posterity, his best chance of escaping the fate of other prophets will be by pinning his faith to the short stories of the last thirty years. No work of that period seems more likely to survive than the group of tales represented by "Madame Delphine," "The Passionate Pilgrim," "Meh Lady," "A Kentucky Cardinal," "The Queen's Twin," "A New England Nun," "Rodman the Keeper," "Marjorie Daw," "The Two Runaways," "Moriah's Mourning," "Up the Coolly" (Harris), "The Pelican." In these and kindred tales are to be found a group of portraits which a century hence will make the America of the past thirty years more intelligible than the formal histories; and, taken together as the product of a period commonly reported to have been devoid of the feeling for beauty and form and given over to commercialism, they will constitute an artistic achievement of high and permanent value. It may be suspected, also, that they realized, in a larger and better way, the impossible dream of "the great American novel" which should tell the whole story of American life.

"Posson Jone'," which appears in this series of representative short stories by the courtesy of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, is a bit of humor all the more refreshing and effective because its background is so different from that which gave the "Biglow Papers" their setting. Readers who have had the good fortune to hear Mr. Cable interpret the story vocally will never forget the touch of pathos which softens and intensifies its contagious humor. H. W. M.

TO Jules St.-Ange—elegant little heathen—there yet remained at manhood a remembrance of having been to school, and of having been taught by a stony-headed Capuchin that the world is round—for example, like a cheese. This round world is a cheese to be eaten through, and Jules had nibbled quite into his cheese-world already at twenty-two.

He realized this as he idled about one Sunday morning where the intersection of Royal and Conti Streets some seventy years ago formed a central corner of

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New Orleans. Yes, yes, the trouble was he had been wasteful and honest. He discussed the matter with that faithful friend and confidant, Baptiste, his yellow body-servant. They concluded that, papa's patience and *tante's* pin-money having been gnawed away quite to the rind, there were left open only these few easily enumerated resorts: to go to work—they shuddered; to join Major Innerarity's filibustering expedition; or else—why not?—to try some games of confidence. At twenty-two one must begin to be something. Nothing else tempted; could that avail? One could but try. It is noble to try; and, besides, they were hungry. If one could "make the friendship" of some person from the country, for instance, with money, not expert at cards or dice, but, as one would say, willing to learn, one might find cause to say some "Hail Marys."

The sun broke through a clearing sky, and Baptiste pronounced it good for luck. There had been a hurricane in the night. The weed-grown tile-roofs were still dripping, and from lofty brick and low adobe walls a rising steam responded to the summer sunlight. Up-street, and across the Rue du Canal, one could get glimpses of the gardens in Faubourg Ste.-Marie standing in silent wretchedness, so many tearful Lucretias, tattered victims of the storm. Short remnants of the wind now and then came down the narrow street in erratic puffs heavily laden with odors of broken boughs and torn flowers, skimmed the little pools of rain-water in the deep ruts of the unpaved street, and suddenly went away to nothing, like a juggler's butterflies or a young man's money.

It was very picturesque, the Rue Royale. The rich and poor met together. The locksmith's swinging key creaked next door to the bank; across the way, crouching, mendicant-like, in the shadow of a great importing house, was the mud laboratory of the mender of broken combs. Light balconies overhung the rows of showy shops and stores open for trade this Sunday morning, and pretty Latin faces of the higher class glanced over their savagely pronged railings upon the passers below. At some windows hung lace curtains, flannel duds at some, and at others only the scraping and sighing one-hinged shutter groaning toward Paris after its neglectful master.

M. St.-Ange stood looking up and down the street for nearly an hour. But few ladies, only the inveterate mass-goers, were out. About the entrance of the frequent *cafés* the masculine gentility stood leaning on canes, with which now one and now another beckoned to Jules, some even adding pantomimic hints of the social cup.

M. St.-Ange remarked to his servant without turning his head that somehow he felt sure he should soon return those *bons* that the mulatto had lent him.

"What will you do with them?"

"Me!" said Baptiste, quickly; "I will go and see the bull-fight in the Place Congo."

"There is to be a bull-fight? But where is M. Cayetano?"

"Ah, got all his affairs wet in the tornado. Instead of his circus, they are to have a bull-fight—not an ordinary bull-fight with sick horses, but a buffalo-and-tiger fight. I would not miss it—"

Two or three persons ran to the opposite corner and commenced striking at something with their canes. Others followed. Can M. St.-Ange and servant, who hasten forward—can the Creoles, Cubans, Spaniards, St. Domingo refugees, and other loungers—can they hope it is a fight? They hurry forward. Is a man in a fit? The crowd pours in from the side streets. Have they killed a so-long snake? Bareheaded shopmen leave their wives, who stand upon chairs. The crowd huddles and packs. Those on the outside make little leaps into the air trying to be tall.

"What is the matter?"

"Have they caught a real live rat?"

"Who is hurt?" asks some one in English.

"*Personne*," replies a shopkeeper; "a man's hat blow' in the gutter; but he has it now. Jules pick it. See, that is the man, head and shoulders on top the res'."

"He in the homespun?" asks a second shopkeeper. "Humph! an *Américain*—a West Floridian; bah!"

"But wait; 'st! he is speaking; listen!"

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"To who is he speak—?"

"Sh-sh-sh! to Jules."

"Jules who?"

"Silence, you! To Jules St.-Ange, what howe me a bill since long time. Sh-sh-sh!"

Then the voice was heard.

Its owner was a man of giant stature, with a slight stoop in his shoulders, as if he was making a constant good-natured attempt to accommodate himself to ordinary doors and ceilings. His bones were those of an ox. His face was marked more by weather than age, and his narrow brow was bald and smooth. He had instantaneously formed an opinion of Jules St.-Ange, and the multitude of words, most of them lingual curiosities, with which he was rasping the wide-open ears of his listeners, signified, in short, that, as sure as his name was Parson Jones, the little Creole was a "plum gentleman."

M. St.-Ange bowed and smiled, and was about to call attention, by both gesture and speech, to a singular object on top of the still uncovered head, when the nervous motion of the *Américain* anticipated him, as, throwing up an immense hand, he drew down a large roll of bank-notes. The crowd laughed, the West Floridian joining, and began to disperse.

"Why, that money belongs to Smyrny Church," said the giant.

"You are very dengerous to make your money expose' like that, Misty Posson Jone'," said St.-Ange, counting it with his eyes.

The countryman gave a start and smile of surprise.

"How d'd you know my name was Jones?" he asked; but, without pausing for the Creole's answer, furnished in his reckless way some further specimens of West Floridian English; and the conciseness with which he presented full intelligence of his home, family, calling, lodging-house, and present and future plans, might have passed for consummate art, had it not been the most run-wild nature. "And I've done been to Mobile, you know, on busi*ness* for Bethesdy Church. It's the on'yest time I ever been from home; now you wouldn't of believed that, would you? But I admire to have saw you, that's so. You've got to come and eat with me. Me and my boy ain't been fed yit. What might one call yo' name? Jools? Come on, Jools. Come on, Colossus. That's my niggah—his name's Colossus of Rhodes. Is that yo' yallah boy, Jools? Fetch him along, Colossus. It seems like a special provi*dence*.—Jools, do you believe in a special provi*dence?*"

Jules said he did.

The new-made friends moved briskly off, followed by Baptiste and a short, square old negro, very black and grotesque, who had introduced himself to the mulatto, with many glittering and cavernous smiles, as "d' body-sarvant of d' Rev'n' Mr. Jones."

Both pairs enlivened their walk with conversation. Parson Jones descanted upon the doctrine he had mentioned, as illustrated in the perplexities of cotton-growing, and concluded that there would always be "a special provi*dence* again' cotton untell folks quits a-pressin' of it and haulin' of it on Sundays!"

"*Je dis*," said St.-Ange, in response, "I thing you is juz right. I believe, me, strong-strong in the improvidence, yes. You know my papa he hown a sugah plantation, you know. 'Jules, me son,' he say one time to me, 'I goin' to make one baril sugah to fedge the moze high price in New Orleanz.' Well, he take his bez baril sugah—I nevah see a so careful man like me papa always to make a so beautiful sugah *et sirop*. 'Jules, go at Father Pierre an' ged this lill pitcher fill with holy-water, an tell him sen' his tin bucket and I will make it fill with *quitte*.' I ged the holy-water; my papa sprinkle it over the baril, and make one cross on the 'ead of the baril."

"Why, Jools," said Parson Jones, "that didn't do no good."

"Din do no good! Id broughd the so great value! You can strike me dead if thad baril sugah din fedge the more high cost than any other in the city. *Parceque*, the man what buy that baril sugah he make a mistake of one hundred pound"—falling back—"*Mais* certainlee!"

"And you think that was growin' out of the holy-water?" asked the parson.

"*Mais*, what could make it else? Id could not be the *quitte*, because my papa

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keep the bucket, an' forget to sen' the *quitte* to Father Pierre."

Parson Jones was disappointed.

"Well, now, Jools, you know, I don't think that was right. I reckon you must be a plum Catholic."

M. St.-Ange shrugged. He would not deny his faith.

"I am a *Catholique, mais*"—brightening as he hoped to recommend himself anew—"not a good one."

"Well, you know," said Jones—"where's Colossus? Oh, all right. Colossus strayed off a minute in Mobile, and I plum lost him for two days. Here's the place; come in. Colossus and this boy can go to the kitchen.—Now, Colossus, what *air* you a-beckonin' at me faw?"

He let his servant draw him aside and address him in a whisper.

"Oh, go 'way," said the parson with a jerk. "Who's goin' to throw me? What? Speak louder. Why, Colossus, you shayn't talk so, saw. 'Pon my soul, you're the mightiest fool I ever taken up with. Jest you go down that alleyway with this yalla boy, and don't show yo' face untell yo' called!"

The negro begged; the master wrathily insisted.

"Colossus, will you do ez I tell you, or shell I hev' to strike you, saw?"

"O Mahs Jimmy, I—I's gwine; but"—he ventured nearer—"don't on no account drink nothin', Mahs Jimmy."

Such was the negro's earnestness that he put one foot in the gutter, and fell heavily against his master. The parson threw him off angrily.

"Thar, now! Why, Colossus, you most of been dosted with sumthin'; yo' plum crazy.—Humph, come on, Jools, let's eat! Humph! to tell me that when I never taken a drop, exceptin' for chills, in my life—which he knows so as well as me!"

The two masters began to ascend a stair.

"*Mais*, he is a sassy; I would sell him, me," said the young Creole.

"No, I wouldn't do that," replied the parson; "though there is people in Bethesdy who says he is a rascal. He's a powerful smart fool. Why, that boy's got money, Jools; more money than religion, I reckon. I'm shore he fallen into mighty bad company"—they passed beyond earshot.

Baptiste and Colossus, instead of going to the tavern kitchen, passed to the next door and entered the dark rear corner of a low grocery, where, the law notwithstanding, liquor was covertly sold to slaves. There, in the quiet company of Baptiste and the grocer, the colloquial powers of Colossus, which were simply prodigious, began very soon to show themselves.

"For whilst," said he, "Mahs Jimmy has eddication, you know—whilst he has eddication, I has 'scretion. He has eddication and I has 'scretion, an' so we gits along."

He drew a black bottle down the counter, and, laying half his length upon the damp board, continued:

"As a p'inciple I discredits de imbimin' of awjus liquors. De imbimin' of awjus liquors, de wiolution of de Sabbaf, de playin' of de fiddle, and de usin' of by-words, dey is de fo' sins of de conscience; an' if any man sin de fo' sins of de conscience, de debble done sharp his fork fo' dat man.—Ain't that so, boss?"

The grocer was sure it was so.

"Neberdeless, mind you"—here the orator brimmed his glass from the bottle and swallowed the contents with a dry eye—"mind you, a roytious man, sech as ministers of de gospel and dere body-sarvants, can take a *leetle* for de weak stomach."

But the fascinations of Colossus's eloquence must not mislead us; this is the story of a true Christian; to wit, Parson Jones.

The parson and his new friend ate. But the coffee M. St.-Ange declared he could not touch; it was too wretchedly bad. At the French Market, near by, there was some noble coffee. This, however, would have to be bought, and Parson Jones had scruples.

"You see, Jools, every man has his conscience to guide him, which it does so in—"

"Oh, yes!" cried St.-Ange, "conscien'; thad is the bez, Posson Jone'. Certainlee! I am a *Catholique*, you is a *schismatique*; you thing it is wrong to dring some coffee—well, then, it *is*

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wrong; you thing it is wrong to make the sugah to ged the so large price—well, then, it *is* wrong; I thing it is right—well, then, it *is* right; it is all 'abit; *c'est tout.* What a man thing is right, *is right;* 'tis all 'abit. A man muz nod go again' his conscien'. My faith! do you thing I would go again' my conscien'? *Mais allons*, led us go and ged some coffee."

"Jools."

"W'at?"

"Jools, it ain't the drinkin' of coffee, but the buyin' of it on a Sabbath. You must really excuse me, Jools, it's again' conscience, you know."

"Ah!" said St.-Ange, "*c'est* very true. For you it would be a sin, *mais* for me it is only 'abit. Rilligion is a very strange; I know a man one time, he thing it was wrong to go to cock-fight Sunday evening. I thing it is all 'abit. *Mais*, come, Posson Jone', I have got one friend, Miguel; led us go at his house and ged some coffee. Come; Miguel have no familie; only him and Joe—always like to see friend; *allons*, led us come yonder."

"Why, Jools, my dear friend, you know," said the shamefaced parson, "I never visit on Sundays."

"Never w'at?" asked the astounded Creole.

"No," said Jones, smiling awkwardly.

"Never visite?"

"Exceptin' sometimes amongst church members," said Parson Jones.

"*Mais*," said the seductive St.-Ange, "Miguel and Joe is church member'—certainlee! They love to talk about rilligion. Come at Miguel and talk about some rilligion. I am nearly expire for me coffee."

Parson Jones took his hat from beneath his chair and rose up.

"Jools," said the weak giant, "I ought to be in church right now."

"*Mais*, the church is right yonder at Miguel; yes. Ah!" continued St.-Ange, as they descended the stairs, "I thing every man muz have the rilligion he like the bez—me, I like the *Catholique* rilligion the bez—for me it *is* the bez. Every man will sure go to heaven if he likes his rilligion the bez."

"Jools," said the West Floridian, laying his great hand tenderly upon the Creole's shoulder, as they stepped out upon the *banquette*, "do you think you have any shore hopes of heaven?"

"Yass!" replied St.-Ange; "I am sure-sure. I thing everybody will go to heaven. I thing you will go, *et* I thing Miguel will go, *et* Joe—everybody, I thing—*mais*, hof course, not if they not have been christen'. Even I thing some niggers will go."

"Jools," said the parson, stopping in his walk, "Jools, I *don't* want to lose my niggah."

"You will not loose him. With Baptiste he *cannot* ged loose."

But Colossus's master was not reassured.

"Now," said he, still tarrying, "this is jest the way; had I of gone to church—"

"Posson Jone'," said Jules.

"What?"

"I tell you. We goin' to church!"

"Will you?" asked Jones, joyously.

"*Allons*, come along," said Jules, taking his elbow.

They walked down the Rue Chartres, passed several corners, and by and by turned into a cross street. The parson stopped an instant as they were turning, and looked back up the street.

"W'at you lookin'?" asked his companion.

"I thought I saw Colossus," answered the parson, with an anxious face; "I reckon' 'twa'n't him, though." And they went on.

The street they now entered was a very quiet one. The eye of any chance passer would have been at once drawn to a broad, heavy, white brick edifice on the lower side of the way, with a flagpole standing out like a bowsprit from one of its great windows, and a pair of lamps hanging before a large closed entrance. It was a theater, honeycombed with gambling-dens. At this morning hour all was still, and the only sign of life was a knot of little barefoot girls gathered within its narrow shade, and each carrying an infant relative. Into this place the parson and M. St.-Ange entered, the little nurses jumping up from the sills to let them pass in.

A half-hour may have passed. At the

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end of that time the whole juvenile company were laying alternate eyes and ears to the chinks, to gather what they could of an interesting quarrel going on within.

"I did not, saw! I given you no cause of offense, saw! It's not so, saw. Mister Jools simply mistaken the house, thinkin' it was a Sabbath-school! No such thing, saw; I *ain't* bound to bet! Yes, I kin git out! Yes, without bettin'. I hev a right to my opinion; I reckon I'm a *white man*, saw! No, saw! I on'y said I didn't think you could get the game on them cards. 'Sno such thing, saw! I do *not* know how to play! I wouldn't hev a rascal's money ef I should win it! Shoot, ef you dare! You can kill me, but you can't scare me! No, I shayn't bet! I'll die first! Yes, saw; Mr. Jools can bet for me if he admires to; I ain't his mostah."

Here the speaker seemed to direct his words to St.-Ange.

"Saw, I don't understand you, saw. I never said I'd loan you money to bet on me. I didn't suspicion this from you, saw. No, I won't take any more lemonade; it's the most notorious stuff I ever drank, saw!"

M. St.-Ange's replies were in *falsetto* and not without effect; for presently the parson's indignation and anger began to melt. "Don't ask me, Jools, I can't help you. It's no use; it's a matter of conscience with me, Jools."

"*Mais oui!* 'tis a matt' of conscien' wid me, the same."

"But, Jools, the money's none o' mine, nohow; it belongs to Smyrny, you know."

"If I could make jus' *one* bet," said the persuasive St.-Ange, "I would leave this place fas'-fas', yes. If I had thing—*mais* I did not soupspicion this from you, Posson Jone'"—

"Don't, Jools, don't!"

"No! Posson Jone'."

"You're bound to win?" said the parson, wavering.

"*Mais certainement!* But it is not to win that I want; 'tis me conscien'—me honor!"

"Well, Jools, I hope I'm not a-doin' no wrong. I'll loan you some of this money if you say you'll come right out 'thout takin' your winnin's."

All was still. The peeping children could see the parson as he lifted his hand to his breast-pocket. There it paused a moment in bewilderment, then plunged to the bottom. It came back empty, and fell lifelessly at his side. His head dropped upon his breast, his eyes were for a moment closed, his broad palms were lifted and pressed against his forehead, a tremor seized him, and he fell all in a lump to the floor. The children ran off with their infant-loads, leaving Jules St.-Ange swearing by all his deceased relatives, first to Miguel and Joe, and then to the lifted parson, that he did not know what had become of the money "except if" the black man had got it.

In the rear of ancient New Orleans, beyond the sites of the old rampart, a trio of Spanish forts, where the town has since sprung up and grown old, green with all the luxuriance of the wild Creole summer, lay the Congo Plains. Here stretched the canvas of the historic Cayetano, who Sunday after Sunday sowed the sawdust for his circus-ring.

But to-day the great showman had fallen short of his printed promise. The hurricane had come by night, and with one fell swash had made an irretrievable sop of everything. The circus trailed away its bedraggled magnificence, and the ring was cleared for the bull.

Then the sun seemed to come out and work for the people. "See," said the Spaniards, looking up at the glorious sky with its great white fleets drawn off upon the horizon—"see—heaven smiles upon the bull-fight!"

In the high upper seats of the rude amphitheater sat the gayly decked wives and daughters of the Gascons, from the *métairies* along the Ridge, and the chattering Spanish women of the Market, their shining hair unbonneted to the sun. Next below were their husbands and lovers in Sunday blouses, milkmen, butchers, bakers, black-bearded fishermen, Sicilian fruiterers, swarthy Portuguese sailors, in little woolen caps, and strangers of the graver sort; mariners of England, Germany, and Holland. The lowest seats were full of trappers, smugglers, Canadian *voyageurs*, drinking and

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singing; *Américains*, too—more's the shame—from the upper rivers—who will not keep their seats—who ply the bottle, and who will get home by and by and tell how wicked Sodom is; broad-brimmed, silver-braided Mexicans, too, with their copper cheeks and bat's eyes, and their tinkling spurred heels. Yonder, in that quieter section, are the quadroon women in their black lace shawls—and there is Baptiste; and below them are the turbaned black women, and there is —but he vanishes—Colossus.

The afternoon is advancing, yet the sport, though loudly demanded, does not begin. The *Américains* grow derisive and find pastime in gibes and raillery. They mock the various Latins with their national inflections, and answer their scowls with laughter. Some of the more aggressive shout pretty French greetings to the women of Gascony, and one bargeman, amid peals of applause, stands on a seat and hurls a kiss to the quadroons. The mariners of England, Germany, and Holland, as spectators, like the fun, while the Spaniards look back and cast defiant imprecations upon their persecutors. Some Gascons, with timely caution, pick their women out and depart, running a terrible fire of gallantries.

In hope of truce, a new call is raised for the bull: "The bull, the bull!—hush!"

In a tier near the ground a man is standing and calling—standing head and shoulders above the rest—calling in the *Américaine* tongue. Another man, big and red, named Joe, and a handsome little Creole, in elegant dress and full of laughter, wish to stop him, but the flatboatmen, ha-ha-ing and cheering, will not suffer it. Ah, through some shameful knavery of the men into whose hands he has fallen, he is drunk! Even the women can see that; and now he throws his arms wildly and raises his voice until the whole great circle hears it. He is preaching!

Ah! kind Lord, for a special providence now! The men of his own nation—men from the land of the open English Bible and temperance cup and song—are cheering him on to mad disgrace. And now another call for the appointed sport is drowned by the flatboatmen singing the ancient tune of Mear. You can hear the words—

"Old Grimes is dead, that good old soul"

—from ribald lips and throats turned brazen with laughter, from singers who toss their hats aloft and roll in their seats; the chorus swells to the accompaniment of a thousand brogans—

"He used to wear an old gray coat
All buttoned down before."

A ribboned man in the arena is trying to be heard, and the Latins raise one mighty cry for silence. The big red man gets a hand over the parson's mouth, and the ribboned man seizes his moment.

"They have been endeavoring for hours," he says, "to draw the terrible animals from their dens, but such is their strength and fierceness that—"

His voice is drowned. Enough has been heard to warrant the inference that the beasts cannot be whipped out of the storm-drenched cages to which menagerie life and long starvation have attached them, and from the roar of indignation the man of ribbons flies. The noise increases. Men are standing up by hundreds, and women are imploring to be let out of the turmoil. All at once, like the bursting of a dam, the whole mass pours down into the ring. They sweep across the arena and over the showman's barriers. Miguel gets a frightful trampling. Who cares for gates or doors? They tear the beasts' houses bar from bar, and, laying hold of the gaunt buffalo, drag him forth by feet, ears, and tail; and in the midst of the *mêlée*, still head and shoulders above all, wilder, with the cup of the wicked, than any beast, is the man of God from the Florida parishes!

In his arms he bore—and all the people shouted at once when they saw it—the tiger. He had lifted it high up with its back to his breast, his arms clasped under its shoulders; the wretched brute had curled up caterpillar-wise, with its long tail against its belly, and through its filed teeth grinned a fixed and impotent wrath. And Parson Jones was shouting:

"The tiger and the buffler *shell* lay down together! You dah to say they

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shayn't and I'll comb you with this varmint from head to foot! The tiger and the buffler *shell* lay down together. They *shell!* Now, you, Joe! Behold! I am here to see it done. The lion and the buffler *shell* lay down together!"

Mouthing these words again and again, the parson forced his way through the surge in the wake of the buffalo. This creature the Latins had secured by a lariat over his head, and were dragging across the old rampart and into a street of the city.

The northern races were trying to prevent, and there was pommeling and knocking down, cursing and knife-drawing, until Jules St.-Ange was quite carried away with the fun, laughed, clapped his hands, and swore with delight, and ever kept close to the gallant parson.

Joe, contrariwise, counted all this child's play an interruption. He had come to find Colossus and the money. In an unlucky moment he made bold to lay hold of the parson, but a piece of the broken barriers in the hands of a flatboatman felled him to the sod, the terrible crowd swept over him, the lariat was cut, and the giant parson hurled the tiger upon the buffalo's back. In another instant both brutes were dead at the hands of the mob; Jones was lifted from his feet, and, prating of Scripture and the millennium, of Paul at Ephesus and Daniel in the "buffler's" den, was borne aloft upon the shoulders of the huzzaing *Américains*. Half an hour later he was sleeping heavily on the floor of a cell in the *calaboza*.

When Parson Jones awoke, a bell was somewhere tolling for midnight. Somebody was at the door of his cell with a key. The lock grated, the door swung, the turnkey looked in and stepped back, and a ray of moonlight fell upon M. Jules St.-Ange. The prisoner sat upon the empty shackles and ring-bolt in the center of the floor.

"Misty Posson Jone'," said the visitor, softly.

"Oh, Jools!"

"*Mais*, w'at de matter, Posson Jone'?"

"My sins, Jools, my sins!"

"Ah! Posson Jone', is that something to cry, because a man get sometime a litt' bit intoxicate? *Mais*, if a man keep *all the time* intoxicate, I think that is again' the conscien'."

"Jools, Jools, your eyes is darkened—oh! Jools, where's my pore old niggah?"

"Posson Jone', never min'; he is wid Baptiste."

"Where?"

"I don' know w'ere—*mais* he is wid Baptiste. Baptiste is a beautiful to take care of somebody."

"Is he as good as you, Jools?" asked Parson Jones, sincerely.

Jules was slightly staggered.

"You know, Posson Jone', you know, a nigger cannot be good as a w'ite man—*mais* Baptiste is a good nigger."

The parson moaned and dropped his chin into his hands.

"I was to of left for home to-morrow, sun-up, on the Isabella schooner. Pore Smyrny!" He deeply sighed.

"Posson Jone'," said Jules, leaning against the wall and smiling, "I swear you is the moz funny man I ever see. If I was you I would say, me, 'Ah! 'ow I am lucky! the money I los', it was not mine, anyhow!' My faith! shall a man make hisse'f to be the more sorry because the money he los' is not his? Me, I would say, 'it is a specious providence.'

"Ah! Misty Posson Jone'," he continued, "you make a so droll sermon ad the bull-ring. Ha! ha! I swear I thing you can make money to preach thad sermon many time ad the theater St. Philippe. Hah! you is the moz brave dat I never see, *mais* ad the same time the moz rilligious man. Where I'm goin' to fin' one priest to make like dat? *Mais*, why you can't cheer up an' be 'appy? Me, if I should be miserabl' like that I would kill meself."

The countryman only shook his head.

"*Bien*, Posson Jone', I have the so good news for you."

The prisoner looked up with eager inquiry.

"Las' evening when they lock' you, I come right off at M. de Blanc's house to get you let out of de calaboose; M. de Blanc he is the judge. So soon I was entering—'Ah! Jules, me boy, juz the man to make complete the game!' Posson Jone', it was a specious providence! I win in t'ree hours more dan

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six hundred dollah! Look." He produced a mass of bank-notes, *bons*, and due-bills.

"And you got the pass?" asked the parson, regarding the money with a sadness incomprehensible to Jules.

"It is here; it take the effect so soon the daylight."

"Jools, my friend, your kindness is in vain."

The Creole's face became a perfect blank.

"Because," said the parson, "for two reasons: firstly, I have broken the laws, and ought to stand the penalty; and secondly—you must really excuse me, Jools, you know, but the pass has been got onfairly, I'm afeerd. You told the judge I was innocent; and in neither case it don't become a Christian (which I hope I can still say I am one) to 'do evil that good may come.' I muss stay."

M. St.-Ange stood up aghast, and for a moment speechless, at this exhibition of moral heroism; but an artifice was presently hit upon. "*Mais*, Posson Jone'!"—in his old *falsetto*—"de order—you cannot read it, it is in French—compel you to go hout, sir."

"Is that so?" cried the parson, bounding up with radiant face—"is that so, Jools?"

The young man nodded, smiling; but though he smiled, the fountain of his tenderness was opened. He made the sign of the cross as the parson knelt in prayer, and even whispered "Hail Mary," etc., quite through, twice over.

Morning broke in summer glory upon a cluster of villas behind the city, nestled under live-oaks and magnolias on the banks of a deep bayou, and known as Suburb St. Jean.

With the first beam came the West Floridian and the Creole out upon the bank below the village. Upon the parson's arm hung a pair of antique saddle-bags. Baptiste limped wearily behind; both his eyes were encircled with broad blue rings, and one cheek-bone bore the official impress of every knuckle of Colossus's left hand. The "beautiful to take care of somebody" had lost his charge.

At mention of the negro he became wild, and half in English, half in the "gumbo" dialect, said murderous things. Intimidated by Jules to calmness, he became able to speak confidently on one point; he could, would, and did swear that Colossus had gone home to the Florida parishes; he was almost certain; in fact, he thought so.

There was a clicking of pulleys as the three appeared upon the bayou's margin, and Baptiste pointed out, in the deep shadow of a great oak, the Isabella, moored among the bulrushes, and just spreading her sails for departure. Moving down to where she lay, the parson and his friend paused on the bank, loth to say farewell.

"O Jools!" said the parson, "supposin' Colossus ain't gone home! O Jools, if you'll look him out for me, I'll never forget you—I'll never forget you, nohow, Jools. No, Jools, I never will believe he taken that money. Yes, I know all niggahs will steal"—he set foot upon the gang-plank—"but Colossus wouldn't steal from me. Good-by."

"Misty Posson Jone'," said St.-Ange, putting his hand on the parson's arm with genuine affection, "hol' on. You see dis money—w'at I win las' night? Well, I win it by a specious providence, ain't it?"

"There's no tellin'," said the humbled Jones. "Providence

'Moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.'"

"Ah!" cried the Creole, "*c'est* very true. I ged this money in the mysterieuze way. *Mais*, if I keep dis money, you know where it goin' be to-night?"

"I really can't say," replied the parson.

"Goin' to the dev'," said the sweetly smiling young man.

The schooner-captain, leaning against the shrouds, and even Baptiste, laughed outright.

"O Jools, you mustn't!"

"Well, den, w'at I shall do wid *it?*"

"Anything!" answered the parson; "better donate it away to some poor man—"

"Ah, Misty Posson Jone', dat is w'at I want. You los' five hondred dollar'—'twas me fault."

"No, it wa'n't, Jools."

"*Mais*, it was!"

"No!"

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"It *was* me fault! I *swear* it was me fault! *Mais*, here is five hondred dollar'; I wish you shall take it. Here! I don't got no use for money.—Oh, my faith! Posson Jone', you must not begin to cry some more."

Parson Jones was choked with tears. When he found voice he said:

"O Jools, Jools, Jools! my pore, noble, dear, misguidened friend! ef you hed of hed a Christian raisin'! May the Lord show you your errors better'n I kin, an' bless you for your good intentions—oh, no! I cayn't touch that money with a ten-foot pole; it wa'n't rightly got; you must really excuse me, my dear friend, but I cayn't touch it."

St.-Ange was petrified.

"Good-by, dear Jools," continued the parson. "I'm in the Lord's haynds, and he's very merciful, which I hope and trust you'll find it out. Good-by!"—the schooner swung slowly off before the breeze—"good-by!"

St.-Ange roused himself.

"Posson Jone'! make me hany'ow *dis* promise: you never, never, *never* will come back to New Orleans."

"Ah, Jools, the Lord willin', I'll never leave home again!"

"All right!" cried the Creole; "I thing he's willin'. Adieu, Posson Jone'. My faith'! you are the so fighting an' moz rilligious man as I never saw! Adieu! Adieu!"

Baptiste uttered a cry and presently ran by his master toward the schooner, his hands full of clods.

St.-Ange looked just in time to see the sable form of Colossus of Rhodes emerge from the vessel's hold, and the pastor of Smyrna and Bethesda seize him in his embrace.

"O Colossus! you outlandish old nigger! Thank the Lord! Thank the Lord!"

The little Creole almost wept. He ran down the tow-path, laughing and swearing, and making confused allusion to the entire *personnel* and furniture of the lower regions.

By odd fortune, at the moment that St.-Ange further demonstrated his delight by tripping his mulatto into a bog, the schooner came brushing along the reedy bank with a graceful curve, the sails flapped, and the crew fell to poling her slowly along.

Parson Jones was on the deck, kneeling once more in prayer. His hat had fallen before him; behind him knelt his slave. In thundering tones he was confessing himself "a plum fool," from whom "the conceit had been jolted out," and who had been made to see that even his "nigger had the longest head of the two."

Colossus clasped his hands and groaned.

The parson prayed for a contrite heart.

"Oh, yes!" cried Colossus.

The master acknowledged countless mercies.

"Dat's so!" cried the slave.

The master prayed that they might still be "piled on."

"Glory!" cried the black man, clapping his hands; "pile on!"

"And now," continued the parson, "bring this pore, backslidin' jackace of a parson and this pore ole fool nigger back to thar home in peace!"

"Pray fo' de money!" called Colossus.

But the parson prayed for Jules.

"Pray fo' de *money!*" repeated the negro.

"And oh, give thy servant back that there lost money!"

Colossus rose stealthily, and tiptoed by his still shouting master. St.-Ange, the captain, the crew, gazed in silent wonder at the strategist. Pausing but an instant over the master's hat to grin an acknowledgment of his beholders' speechless interest, he softly placed in it the faithfully mourned and honestly prayed for Smyrna fund; then, saluted by the silent applause of St.-Ange and the gesticulative schooner-men, he resumed his first attitude behind his roaring master.

"Amen!" cried Colossus, meaning to bring him to a close.

"Onworthy though I be—" cried Jones.

"*Amen!*" reiterated the negro.

"A-a-men!" said Parson Jones.

He rose to his feet, and, stooping to take up his hat, beheld the well-known roll. As one stunned, he gazed for a moment upon his slave, who still knelt with clasped hands and rolling eyeballs; but when he became aware of the laugh-

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ter and cheers that greeted him from both deck and shore, he lifted eyes and hands to heaven, and cried like the veriest babe. And when he looked at the roll again, and hugged and kissed it, St.-Ange tried to raise a second shout, but choked, and the crew fell to their poles.

And now up runs Baptiste, covered with slime, and prepares to cast his projectiles. The first one fell wide of the mark; the schooner swung round into a long reach of water, where the breeze was in her favor; another shout of laughter drowned the maledictions of the muddy man; the sails filled; Colossus of Rhodes, smiling and bowing as hero of the moment, ducked as the main boom swept round, and the schooner, leaning slightly to the pleasant influence, rustled a moment over the bulrushes, and then sped far away down the rippling bayou.

Jules St.-Ange stood long, gazing at the receding vessel as it now disappeared, now reappeared beyond the tops of the high undergrowth; but when an arm of the forest hid it finally from sight, he turned townward, followed by that fagged-out spaniel, his servant, saying, as he turned, "Baptiste."

"*Miché?*"

"You know w'at I goin' do wid dis money?"

"*Non, m'sieur.*"

"Well, you can strike me dead if I don't goin' to pay hall my debts! *Allons!*"

He began a merry little song to the effect that his sweetheart was a wine-bottle, and master and man, leaving care behind, returned to the picturesque Rue Royale. The ways of Providence are indeed strange. In all Parson Jones's after-life, amid the many painful reminiscences of his visit to the City of the Plain, the sweet knowledge was withheld from him that, by the light of the Christian virtue that shone from him even in his great fall, Jules St.-Ange arose, and went to his father an honest man.

THE BIRTHRIGHT

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

What is the birthright Man receives?
Not joy—for many a mortal grieves;
Not strength—for countless souls are born
To toil in weakness and in scorn;
Not love—for some must love in vain;
Not health—for many breathe in pain.

Yet each one born upon the earth
Possesses, from the hour of birth,
That which has nerved the struggling race
To every victory man can trace;
A talisman which urges on
Through battles lost to battles won;
A birthright some have called a curse:
Hunger—could anything be worse?

Yet hunger—first for bread, then love,
Then power, then truth, then things above—
Is man's eternal intimate,
As old as Time, as close as Fate;
And still it urges, with a cry
Beyond this world to satisfy,
Till, as it came with man, it goes
Beyond Death's portals that unclose,
And man, still hungering, passes on
From out the known to the unknown.

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